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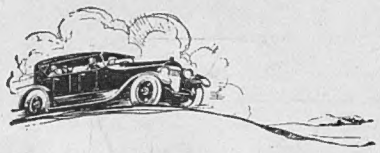

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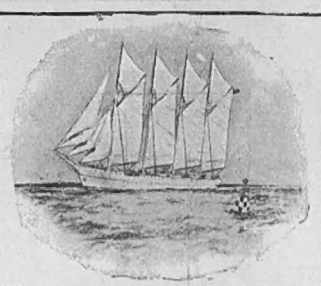

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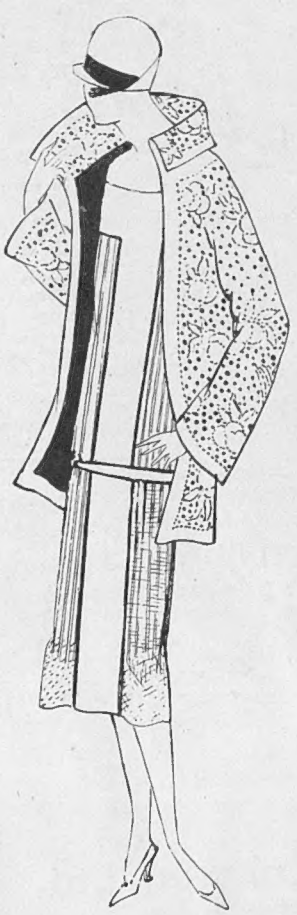

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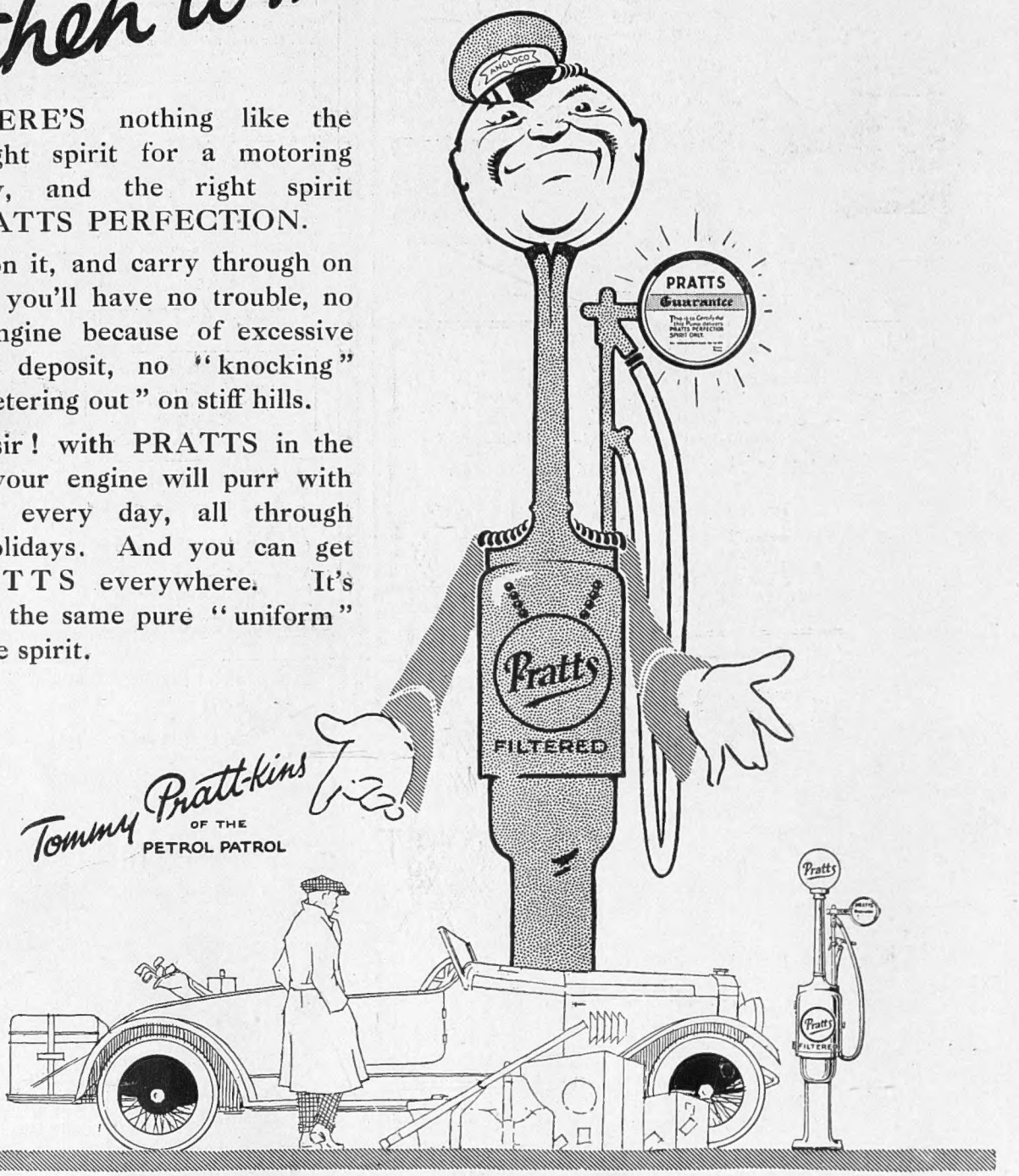

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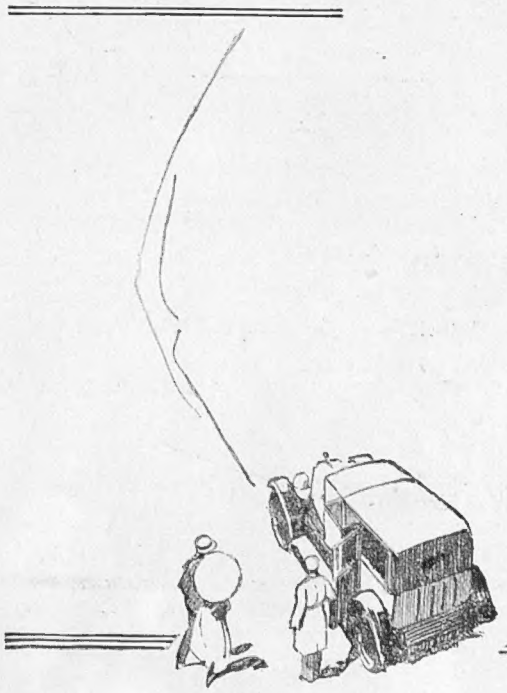

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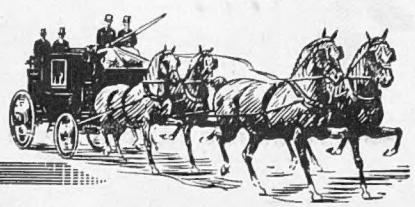

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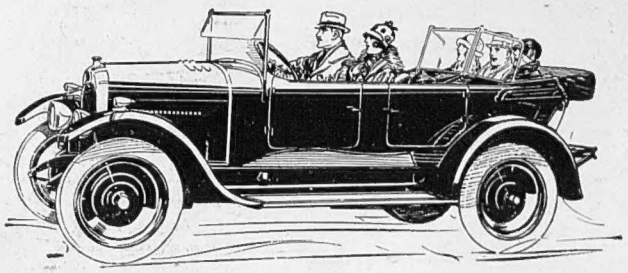

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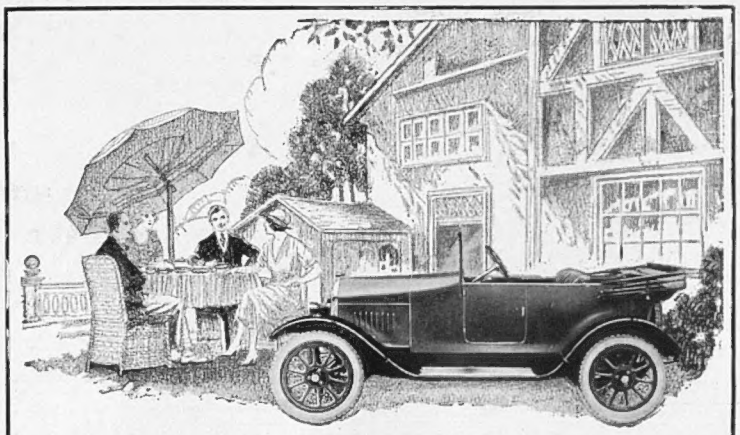

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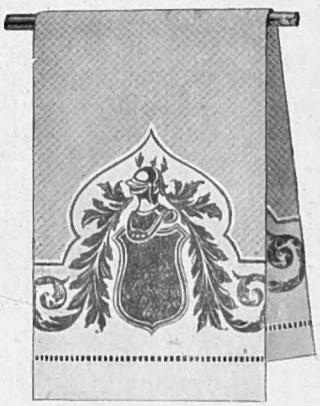

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S 785. Gown of Figured Crêpe de Chine with contrasting bands of colour at foot edged with Lace. In various combinations of colour.

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Commences on MONDAY NEXT and continues for 4 weeks.

Wonderful Bargains in High-Grade Goods.

Matron's Gown in good quality striped crepe de Chine, becoming bodice with bold revers, tunic skirt in front which is finished with material worked the reverse way. In a large range of attractive colours.
Usual Price **78/6**
Sale Price **69/6**

An Original Model Fur Coat worked from selected winter British moleskins with collar, cuffs and flounce of dyed blue Russian Kitt Fox, lined rich soft watered silk.
Original Price **79 Gns.**
Sale Price **59 Gns.**

50 Well-Tailored Coats suitable for holiday wear in good quality Teddy Bear Cloth, in three designs, of which sketch is an example, lined throughout with silk. In a good range of colours.
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Sale Price **98/6**

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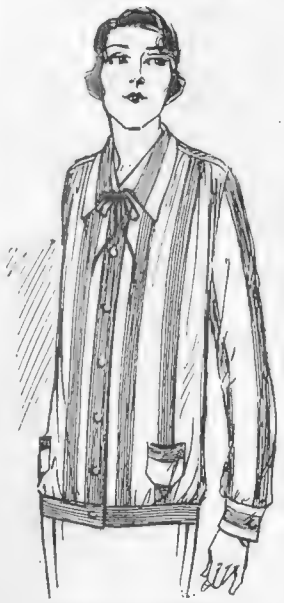
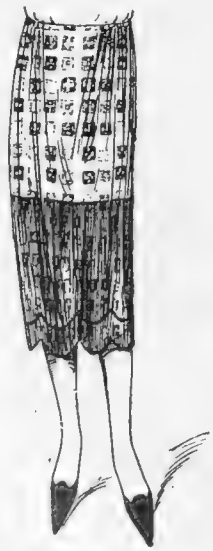
250 Knitted Woollen Suits (as sketch), made from superfine quality yarn, on well-fitting lines. Unbrushed in a large range of attractive colours.
Usual Price **94/6**
Sale Price **52/6**



50 Attractive Overshirts (as sketch), made in French Haircord Voile with becoming collar finished small black bow, trimmed two small pockets In White only.
Sale Price **14/9**



Figured crepe de Chine Petticoat, as sketch, which is a typical example in a variety of designs and colours, full fitting. Many are at half their original prices.
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40 Pairs of Odd Pairs of Laced Corsets made in good quality pink silk broche, very low bust with long hip line.
Sizes 25 to 30.
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Sizes 24 to 33 inches.
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ensures coolness without chill; warmth without discomfort

THE VAGARIES of our summer demand underwear to match, suitable for the halcyon days when the sun shines bravely, suitable for the dull days which betray summer's fair promise.

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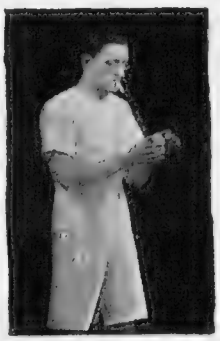
All of which sounds rather 'hygienic'—a term appreciated in the concrete; abhored in the abstract.

But AERTEX fabric ensures just this perfect underwear comfort and a degree of physical fitness which ordinary underwear cannot provide.

If you seek to feel at the top of your form all this summer the suggestion is—wear AERTEX. You will wear AERTEX next summer . . and on . . and on . . and on.



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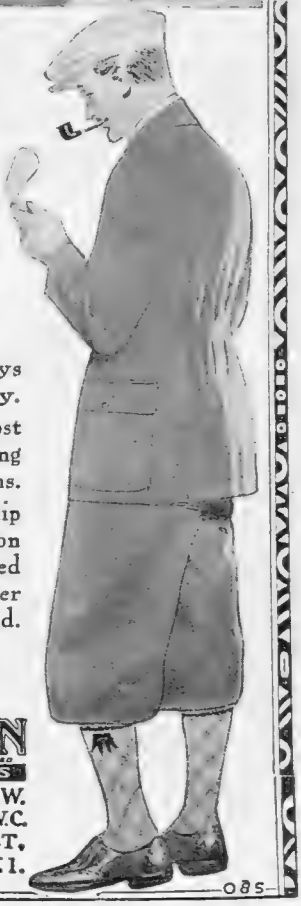

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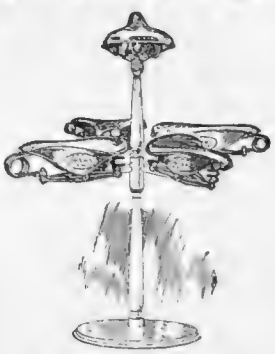

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50 dozen Good Quality Spun Silk Hose, reinforced feet, soft and extremely comfortable in wear. In Nude, Putty, Beige, Fawn, Silver, Grey, Tan, Brown or Black. Original Price, 7/11 pair.

Sale Price **5/6** pair.

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Imitation Milan Lace Brassiere, lined net, specially designed to meet low corsets. Sizes 32 to 44 inches. Original Price, 21/9.

Sale Price **12/9**

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About 50 Blouses and Jumpers, some in tailored shirt styles, all good quality and well made. Original Prices, 49/6 to 59/6.

Sale Price **29/6**

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Flower Hat Mounts in a large variety. Original Prices 12/9, 18/9, 21/9.

Sale Price **8/11**

Bargains in Scarves

Dainty Georgette Scarves, in all leading shades. Two yards x 20 inches. Original Price, 12/11.

Sale Price **8/11**

Two-piece Suit Gown in figured crepe de Chine. Full length coat in good quality fulgurante, with slot pockets and double-breasted fronts, lined throughout with the figured crepe de Chine as of gown. In Navy, Black, Beige, Cinnamon, and Tan.
Special Sale Price **10½ Gns.**

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Reduced to **£149**

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Sale Price **£5 18 6**

35 Smart Well-Tailored Coats made from lightweight Cumberland novelty homespuns and mixed tweeds in beautifully subdued colourings. Lined silk. Original Price 10½ to 15½ Gns.
Sale Price **7½ to 10½ Gns.**

Useful Cardigan, in best quality yarn, cuffs and border in contrasting shades, 2 pockets. In a few good colours stocked in 4 sizes.
Original Price 25/6
Sale Price **10/6**
All sizes.

150 Artificial Silk Frocks, various styles, all made from best quality yarns; the frock as sketch is a typical example embroidered in beautiful colours; all well fitting shapes. Original Prices 5½ to 8½ Gns.
All Reduced to **52/6**

Girl's Openwork Raffia Hat in rainbow colourings, suitable for adult shingled heads, for garden wear.
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Useful pull-on Felt and Petersham Hat in a good range of colours.
Special Sale Price **35/9**

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Sale Price **7/9**
Knicker, to match. Original Price, 12/11
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Tea Frock in effective ninon with finished soft revers and long sleeves; the skirt is daintily draped petal effect. In many artistic colourings and designs. Usual Price 10½ Gns.
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The same gloves in white and natural, washable.

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Le Zoute (Belgium).—GOLF HOTEL.

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Fontainebleau (S et M)—HOTEL SAVOY.
Le Touquet—Paris Plage.—HOTEL REGINA FERRAS.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—GRAND HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE.
GRAND HOTEL DE LA PAIX.
New Management.
Grindelwald.—BEAR GRAND HOTEL
Gstaad (M.O.B.).—ROYAL HOTEL & WINTER PALACE.
Klosters.—SPORT HOTEL SILVRETTA.
Lausanne.—HOTEL BELVEDERE.
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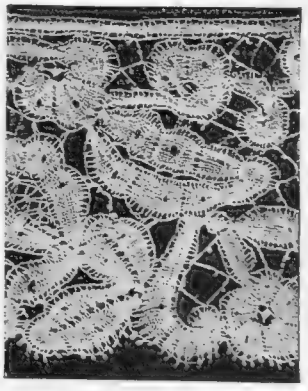

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The Bystander, June 24, 1925

No. 1125. Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Lafayette

MISS LULU GREER

The only daughter of the Hon Mr. Justice Greer and Lady Greer. Her father, who was appointed a Justice of the High Court in 1919, was called to the Bar in 1886

A GAME OF SEA SAW

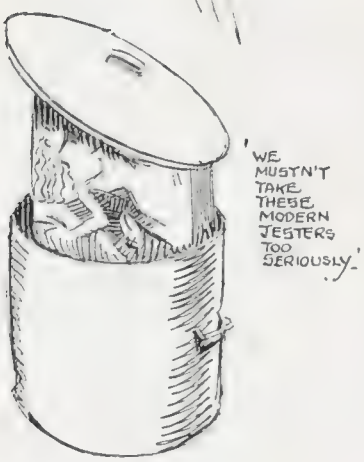
BY BARRIBAL

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

More Playing Fields

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago, the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. To-day we are much more democratic, and we realise that those playing fields are not sufficient to cope with any domestic or international problems that may face us in the future. Accordingly, the cry has gone up for more and yet more recreation grounds in which the youth of the country may smite, hoof, or otherwise set about the elusive leathern sphere that attracts them most, and, in response to the demand, the Nation Playing Fields' Association has come into being.



Let It Be Understood

I HOPE it will be thoroughly understood that the resulting open spaces are "playing fields" in every sense of the word. The old lady with the dog is already catered for in the public thoroughfares of Bayswater and Kensington. Neither is it necessary to consider the case of ardent lovers, old gentlemen who dislike small boys, or, for that matter, Mr. Epstein. For the first-named, there is that secluded section of the embankment opposite the Houses of Parliament; the old gents have their clubs, and Mr. Epstein has Hyde Park. Let these new playing fields be playing fields indeed.

A Swarthy Humorist

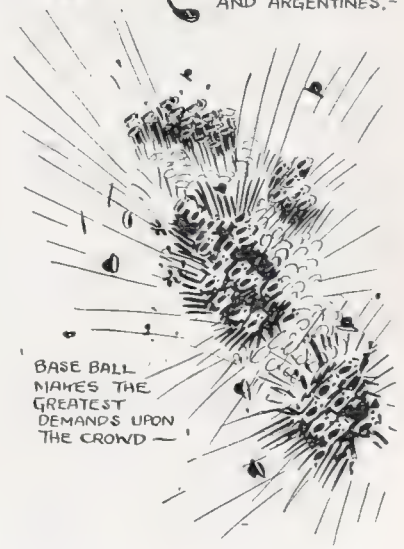
TALKING of Mr. Epstein, that swarthy humorist is running Noel Coward a close race for the Publicity Stakes. And the joke is that each of the twain is pulling the leg of the clamant minority that delights to force his wares upon a long-suffering public. My own opinion that Epstein is the greatest artist in stone since the days of Ptolemy II does not prevent me from saying that his memorial to Hudson has made his principal supporter a public laughing stock.

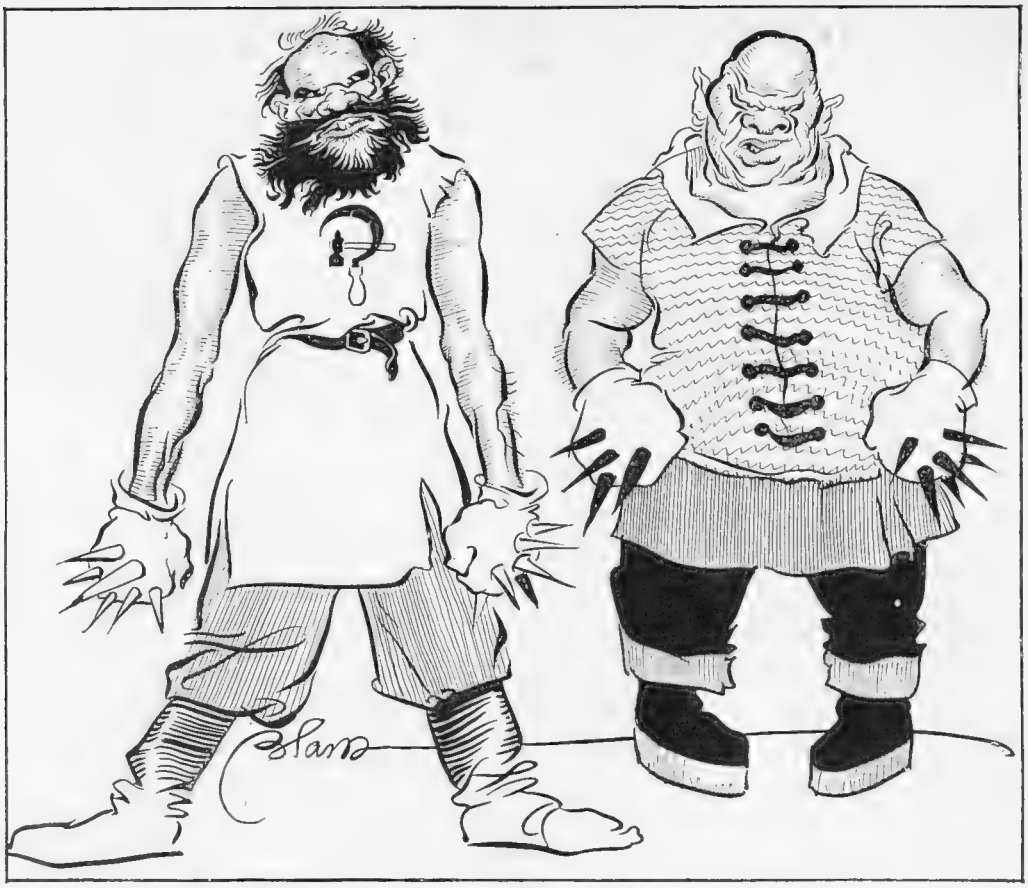
Cruel and Stupid

WE mustn't take these modern jesters too seriously, but I wonder, sometimes, if the shade of W. H. Hudson hovers round the atrocity that has been raised to his memory "Cruel and Stupid" was Hudson's description of people who put wild singing birds into cages, and I find this an apt description for the brilliant *jeu d'esprit* with which Epstein has been permitted to amuse or annoy us. As a well-known naturalist remarked the other morning, it recalls the story of the man who said, "This reminds me of home—it's so unlike it!"

What About the Armenians?

IN his new book of short stories, Michael Arlen has some very cutting things to say of Cannes, and the people he seems





IN THE "RING" OF NATIONS—THE *NEW* "BOXERS!" By Blam

to think he met there, "Here and there about the links the sun lit up the brilliant Fair Isle sweaters of Jews, Greeks, and Argentines." Thus, Mr. Arlen, in a quaintly garbled paraphrase of the merry song sung by a pair of popular American sisters a couple of years back. But surely, in the original, the people pilloried were "the Argentines, the Armenians and the Greeks." What have the Armenians done that Mr. Arlen should neglect them in this fashion?

A Jolly Crime

RATHER odd, when you come to think of it, that baseball is allowed to be played every Sunday in London, when football and cricket are taboo. Not that I wish to discourage the jolly game that flourishes at Chelsea during the summer months. It will become still more entertaining when the spectators learn what is expected of them. For, of all games, baseball makes the greatest demands upon the crowd, and the howl of the "fan" is in the very essence of the contract. A course of instruction for baseball enthusiasts would seem to be implied!

How's That??????

I AM inclined to agree with a correspondent who complains that appeals for l.b.w. are becoming much too general. It is all very well for the bowler to claim his wicket, or for the stumper to suggest a possible obstruction, but when eleven good men and true raise a joint howl of execration, it is becoming a bit too thick. One has seen a weak referee intimidated in this way, but cricket is not football, and no one wants to see an unoffending batsman blown into the pavilion by sheer lung-power. I trust I shan't have to speak about this again!

You Take Your Choice

POOR Mr. Churchill! In one Sunday paper I read, under the heading "Mr. Churchill's Good Humour," that "the going was smoothed by the imperturbable good humour of the Chancellor," while, in another place, under the heading of "The Tired Chancellor," I gather that "he has developed an unaccustomed impatience of criticism." Here is a chance for our artist. Let him give us a picture of a famous politician betraying "imperturbable good humour" and "unaccustomed impatience of criticism" at one and the same time.

Silver-Tongued Orators

"WHETHER the British Broadcasting Company knows it or not," says an inspector under the Board of Education, "they must exercise an enormous and wide-spread influence upon the habits of speech of the day." Of course, they do, and don't they show that they appreciate their responsibility in their selection of those silver-tongued orators who tell us the cricket scores and hazard nightly guesses on the duration of the heat wave? The Oxford manner is spreading slowly but surely to the shires, and the announcers of the B.B.C. deserve every sort of credit.

A Village Phenomenon

TALKING of the heat wave, I have often heard of dogs that "bayed the moon," but it was an unusual and rather startling experience to find an up-country village giving tongue during a recent breathless midnight when the moon hung red in the sky and no breath of air came stirring from the hills. You couldn't say they were singing, and they didn't seem to be discussing the prospects of the hay harvest so far as I could gather. It was just a strange phenomenon—a sort of vocal mirage—that I never hope to experience again. Perhaps someone will explain.

Our Summer Number

HUNDREDS of my readers have been good enough to send me flattering letters about our Summer Number. May I, therefore, take this opportunity of bowing gratefully—and, I hope, gracefully—to one and all? Perhaps, too, I may be permitted to address a word of thanks to the Secretary to the Clerk of the Weather, for nothing helps the success of a Summer Number like real summer weather. It will be very kind of him if he keeps his foot down on the sunshine accelerator, for there are still a few copies left.

Knights of the Road

RECENTLY I spoke of my encounter with one of those old-time knights of the road, who told me sadly that the commercial traveller of to-day was a very different person to the bagman of yester-year. My remarks have brought me a letter from the "Boots" of a commercial hotel, who solemnly warns members of the fraternity against the growing practice of "rushing into a town, snatching a few orders and rushing out again." In the old days, I gather, there were social as well as commercial obligations to be observed, and the arrival of this or that established representative was something of an event. Evidently the world moves too quickly for the "Boots" at the "Swan."

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

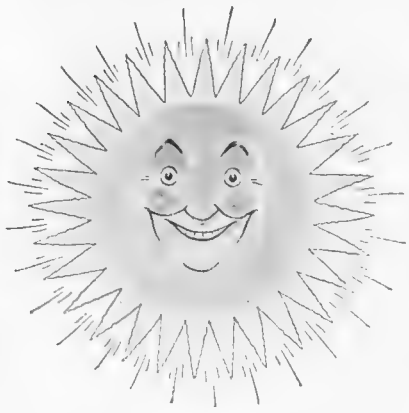
SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photographs

MR. SOLLY JOEL



KING JOLLY SOL
AN ASCOTERIE

Central News and L.N.A.

MISS PARASOL

A Brilliant Opening

WELL, my gentles, Ascot has come and gone. And had any Ascot ever a more brilliant opening? One doesn't wonder that new dresses have become an institution for the meeting, because when the sun does shine there is no setting anywhere comparable to this race-course which is used only once in the year. Some of the groups of gaily-befrocked ladies were serious rivals to the flower-beds. But the whole effect was delightfully summery and gossamery.

The Royal Enclosure was crowded, sometimes uncomfortably so, and everybody was delighted with the new outside staircase to the Grand Stand, and the enlarged luncheon room. The Royal procession down the course from the Golden Gates evoked all the old enthusiasm. Everything was as it always is—in short, Ascot is one of the fixed things in a very changing world, except that this year there were more people than ever.

Women and Clothes

A WRITER in the *Times*, touching on the dresses at Ascot, asks "In the modern fashions can one go wrong?" The answer is in the negative—a very pretty point to consider. It means that woman, or her dressmaker, or both, have swept aside the old cast-iron laws of this going with that, and t'other with which. Women can't go wrong in the matter of clothes now. There is no equivalent in dress feminine, as there used to be, to a man wearing brown shoes, flannel trousers, a morning coat and a cap. Woman nowadays couldn't commit a solecism with her garments unless she went to some extremity such as pinning a tulle train on her golfing skirt. No, she has swept all the old conventions of dress on one side, so much so, that I think we shall see some of the gowns worn at Ascot figuring at dinners and evening parties before the season is over.

By the way, a woman friend tells me that the Queen's wish that the Nottingham lace manufacture should be encouraged was widely observed, lace entering in some way or another into the composition of most of the dresses.

Monotonous Man

ALTHOUGH the King steadily sets the example of the grey tall hat and the grey frock coat, there are very few men who break away from the black, shiny "topper" and the black morning coat. There, I think, we are the slaves of a convention. A grey tall hat was always considered to be a special headgear for the aged and elderly, a sort of sign that middle-age was over, and that the step-up on to the shelf had been taken. Which, as Mr. Euclid said, is absurd. But so it is. And consequently you find very few of the younger men wearing a grey tall hat.

Our Italian Visitors

ITALY was well to the fore in London last week. On the Monday we had two *premières*—one presumes that this was quite unavoidable—the opening of the Italian Opera Season with *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Covent Garden, and the first night of the Pirandello Season with *Six Characters in Search of an Author* at the New Oxford Theatre. Then, too, there was the visit of an Italian bombing squadron of aeroplanes, and the dashing cavalrymen who are representing the Italian Army at the International Horse Show must not be forgotten. To judge by the first three opening nights at Covent Garden, this year's Italian season should be a great success. In Toti dal Monte,

Farringdon Photo Co.

A ROYAL WELCOME

Their Majesties acknowledging the cheers of the crowd on their State arrival at Ascot. The meeting which, blessed by glorious weather, was more dazzling than ever, saw a Royal victory when Aloysia won the Queen Mary Stakes for His Majesty

A panoramic photograph of the field nearing the winning post in the race for the

Inset :

Jeritza and Margherita Sheridan we have three sopranos for whose peers we have to go back to pre-War performances. Miss Margherita Sheridan's singing in *Madama Butterfly*, especially in the second act of this, the world's oldest story, was a sheer delight, and her acting, considering the physical disadvantages that she shares—though not perhaps to the same extent—with other *soprani* who fill this rôle was memorable. I have a vivid recollection of the dramatic rendering of the tenor part in *Pagliacci* by Mr. Lappas, when he was here with the Beecham Company just after the War. He has lost none of the qualities that made him so popular then. It was a treat, too, to see once more a "Pinkerton junior" small enough to be carried, and a Butterfly capable of doing it.

The performance of Pirandello's best-known play by an all-Italian cast was very interesting to anyone who had seen our own Stage Society's version of the *sei personaggi* in the famous search for their creator. There was, as is only to be expected, far more exuberance in gesture and voice about the Italians—except for the self-possessed little lady who played the part of "La Bambina." She was certainly the most immobile, stolid little person I have ever seen, and I noticed in the audience one well-known trainer of child actresses lost in admiration of this apparently effortless piece of acting, which, to those who know, betokens a generous portion of the art that conceals art.

The Aldershot Tattoo

Heaps of people went over in the evenings from the Ascot region and down from London during the week for the Searchlight Tattoo at Aldershot. It was really thrilling. They did Tschaikovsky's "1812" to the accompaniment of heavy gunfire, and the spectacle of Moscow in flames. Then came the charging of the British square at Waterloo by the French cuirassiers, both British and French soldiers being in the uniform of the time. The fact that two French officers, Captain de Lagatinerie and Captain Franchet d'Esperey, were on the sub-committee which arranged this item is a pleasing commentary, isn't it, on our present relations with France?

Next came "Zephon," a nightmare-ish scene, most admirably carried out, of modern warfare. The newest patterns of aeroplanes, tanks, anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns, bombs, smoke screens, and machine guns, were used in one of the most realistic displays they have ever given at Aldershot.

Impartiality

My Lord Devonport, who was Food Controller during part of the War, is now to be added to the list of Scottish landlords, as he has just bought Kinloch, near Strethbraan, in Perthshire. It is not a large estate, but is said to give excellent sport. Lord Devonport is impartial in his choice of residences, for he has one at Marlow, another in Wales, and now a third in Scotland.

A New Peerage and an Old One

On his elevation to the peerage, Sir John Baird, the new Governor-General of Australia, is expected to take the title of Lord Stonehaven, from the town of that name, near his property, Urie, in Kincardineshire. This will reduce the three Baird baronetcies to two—or, at least, the use of the title in the new peer's case, for once a baronet always a baronet. All three baronetcies are Scottish, and Sir John's is the junior by nearly ninety years. The Bairds of Saughton Hall received their baronetcy in 1695, and the Bairds of Newbyth, who are a junior

COMING DOWN THE STRAIGHT

Central Press and Central News

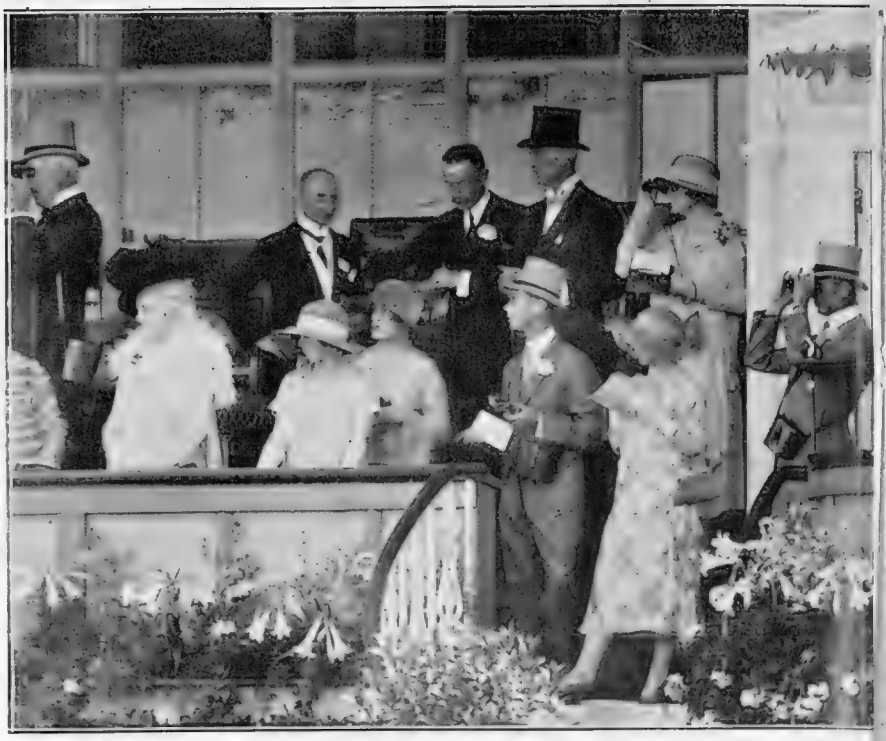
Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. Cockpit, the 100-6 winner owned by Mr. P. Nelke, is seen leading the field from Mr. Solly Joel's Polyphontes and the "outsider," Priory Park. Prince Henry, the Duke of York and Princess Mary comparing cards in the Royal box

L. N. A.

MRS. PONSONBY

Topical

THE HON. GWENDOLEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON



THE ROYAL

A group including Lady May Cambridge, the Duke of York, the Duchess of

L. N. A.

LADY GRIFFIN

Sport and General

LADY BLANDFORD

REFLECTIONS — FROM THE

Photopress

MISS POLE-CAREW

branch of the same family, got theirs in 1809. Sir John's father, the late Sir Alexander Baird, was baronetted in 1897.

In the event of her brother, Lord Falconer, not marrying — he is now forty-six—Sir John's wife, Lady Ethel Baird, will probably succeed to her father's earldom of Kintore. She was the elder of Lord Kintore's two daughters. But the matter is a moot point amongst genealogists.

When the earldom was created in the reign of William and Mary in favour of Sir John Keith, as a reward for his having prevented the regalia of Scotland from falling into the hands of Cromwell by burying it in a church, the remainder was granted to his own female heirs, and to the male issue of his brother.

This seems clear enough, and as the title has already descended once through the female line—that was in the eighteenth century—there would seem every prospect of Lady Ethel Baird one day becoming my lady Countess of Kintore if Lord Falconer does not marry and have children. But some of the genealogists say she cannot succeed unless there are no male heirs left in the family.

Central News

PARTY
York, Prince Henry, the Duke of Portland, the King and Queen

ASCOT GLASS OF FASHION

PRINCE GEORGE IMERITINSKY AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS A. J. MULLENS

The Camaraderie of Youth

THE camaraderie which now exists between young men and young women is a healthy institution of the moderns, let doubting Dorcases and tattling Tabithas think and say what they will. But all the same it can be carried to rather staggering lengths, as this little *histoire* will show you.

A girl living in the country was asked by some friends living in London to go to a dance with them. With that happy vagueness—which is ruining the temper of half the cooks and seriously complicating the servant problem—so characteristic of social life to-day, neither side arranged anything about the girl staying the night in London. She thought she was to stay with her friends. They thought she would make her own arrangements.

Arrived, she found a bed at her friends' house impossible—all full up. Telephone enquiries to hotel after hotel brought the same reply—also full up. The upshot was—and this is a further illustration of the modern vagueness—the girl went to the dance with no idea where she

Topical
THE HON. MRS. CHOLMONDELEY

Sport and General
LADY BUCKINGHAM

Topical
MRS. AMBROSE GODDARD

Topical
MISS KARRI-DAVIES

A SMILING DEBUTANTE

Miss Flower Carson, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Carson of Richmond, who is being presented at their Majesties' Court to-morrow (June 25) by her aunt, Lady Carson

would lay her head when it was over. During the evening she confided her difficulty to a young man with whom she danced a good many times. When the dance was over and she was still bedless, moved with compassion he suggested that she should go home with him—to his parents' house. She accepted gratefully. Everybody, of course, was fast asleep in the paternal mansion, and the young man, instead of offering the drawing-room Chesterfield with some cushions and a rug, in the kindness of his heart gave that young woman his bedroom, and spent the remainder of the night himself upon the Chesterfield. Now this young man is in a Government office, and further, he is inclined to fall asleep again after his morning tea, so his father, in order to keep him up to time, has a habit of going to his bedroom every morning on his own way to the bathroom.

The morning after the dance Papa paid the usual wakening visit. Imagine his feelings when his eyes first lighted on scattered feminine garments, and then on a female head reposing on the pillow!

THE HON. THEODORA BENSON *Lafayette*

The débutante daughter of Lord and Lady Charnwood. Her elder sister, Antonia, was presented in 1921

History as Told to Sightseers

TRIPPERS learn strange history from old servants showing historical houses. I remember at Penshurst Place small crowds of visitors gazing with wonder and admiration at a work-box covered with embroidery of the time of Charles II. But the aged lady who then showed the house had told them it was Queen Elizabeth's work-box, which she had presented to Lady Mary Sidney, the mother of Sir Philip Sidney, on her departure after visiting Penshurst.

But Queen Elizabeth never went to Penshurst, and the box was bought in an antiquity shop in Sevenoaks by the late Lord De L'Isle and Dudley's sister.

Alice Hughes

MISS MARY WOOLLAND

Who is to be presented by her mother at to-morrow's Court

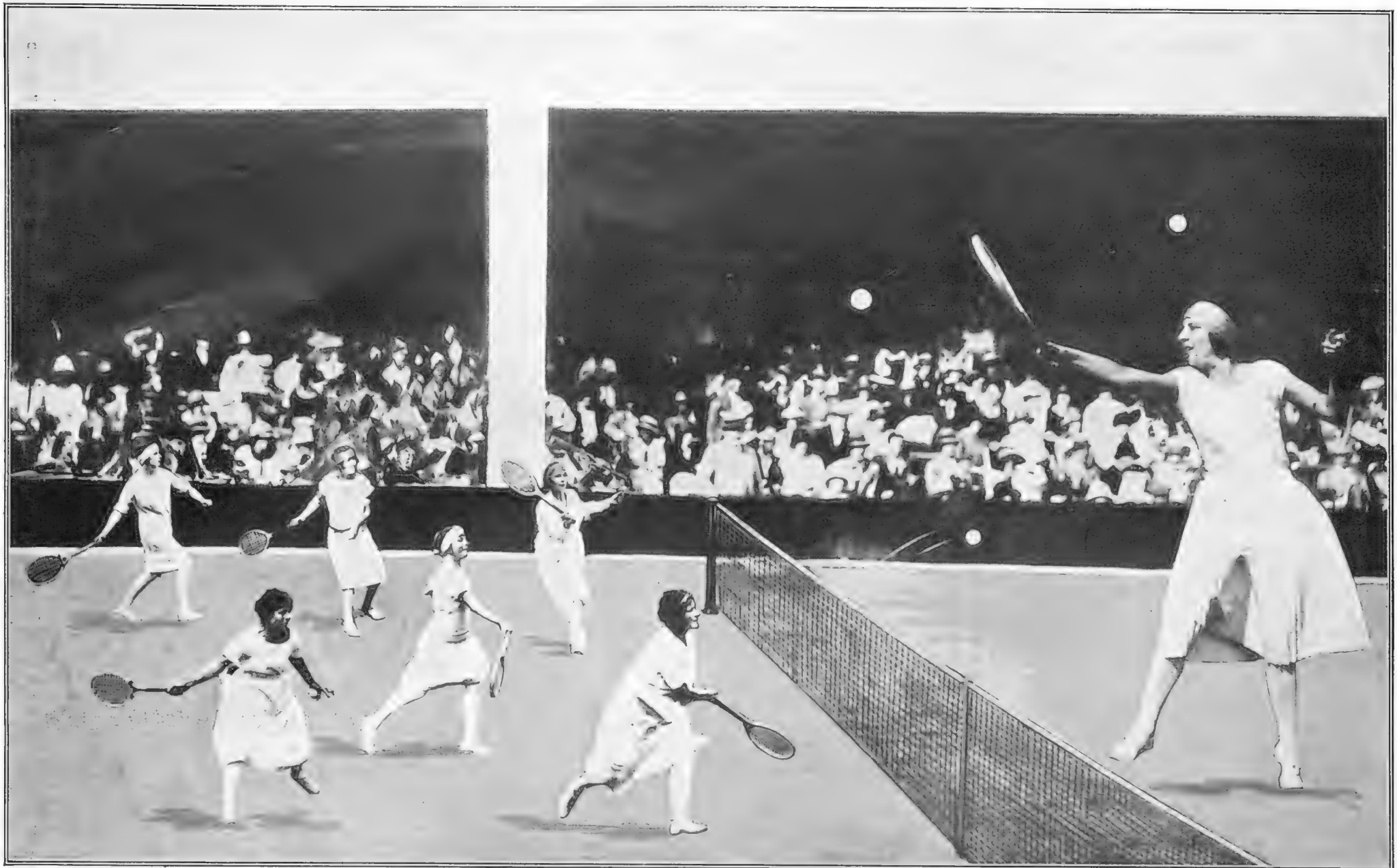
Money In It

ONE more little reminder of the Theatrical Garden Party next Tuesday afternoon (June 30) in the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea. The cinematograph has been called in to assist the cause, and thanks to the generosity of Sir Oswald Stoll it will be possible for anyone to be filmed with any of the stars who twinkle so gaily in the theatrical firmament. There is, too, as I told you last week, a chance to win some money—a pleasant thought in these days of death duties! Thus there is a "mystery ballot" with a chance of winning £10, and a simple "Spot THE BYSTANDER" item. Representatives of this journal will be walking about the grounds carrying something familiar to all our readers. Anyone who greets one of them will receive a £1 note for his courtesy.

Pact—In Sawdust!

BY E. T. REED

FRITZ: "Are we sincere? Now what a question! As if the German people ever gave anyone cause to suspect otherwise! It makes me laugh to explosion-point!"



MRS. LYCETT MRS. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE MISS K. McKANE MLLE. LE GLEN
MRS. BEAMISH MISS LUMLEY ELLIS MISS RYAN

THERE ARE GIANTS IN THESE DAYS

A photographic forecast of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon——or possibly the sort of dream that has disturbed some of those who are standing the "racket" in the Cent.e court

Place Aux Dames.

A Foreword About Wimbledon

I FEEL it in my bones that this is going to be a Women's Wimbledon. My conviction implies no disrespect to the big men from other countries, some of whom we are welcoming as old friends of renown, others as newcomers of distinction, and all of them as guests worthy of a place in the sun of the Centre Court and its *entourage*.

TOWARDS the women of other countries our feelings are, of course, identically similar. Old stagers like myself never forget that the first Wimbledon Championship which went abroad was won by a woman. Miss May Sutton, born in England to parents who migrated to America while she was still a baby, won the Ladies' Singles Championship in 1905 and again in 1907. Twelve years later Mlle. Lenglen came, saw, and conquered. She held the Championship until last year, when ill-health compelled her to retire after reaching the semi-final. She is coming again this year to see if she can win it back, and here is my first reason for thinking that this is going to be a women's Wimbledon. "Suzanne" is at all times as great a crowd-compeller as, if not even a greater than, the greatest of men. But at this Wimbledon the interest in her doings will be intensified, because, though she retired unbeaten, she did not in fact win. The conditions no longer entitle the holder to stand out, so that, had she remained champion, she would still have had to "play through." But all the same, the fact that she is essaying a recapture, instead of defending an occupied position, makes her task just a little bit harder. On the other hand, unless the mental notes which I have made on the Riviera are going to play me false, we shall see this

(*Continued on page 1004*)

L. N. A.

MISS JOAN REID-THOMAS *S. & G.*

One of the most vigorous of our younger players, who has shown improvement during the winter months. Last year she was easily beaten by Mrs. Covell in the second round of the Championships, but may be relied on to put up a hard fight

MISS JOAN FRY *S. & G.*

The young Staffordshire player who created a sensation by defeating Miss McKane at Croydon last May. Miss Fry's last appearance before the Championships was at Roehampton last week, when she played against Australia in the Davis Cup tie

MISS J. C. RIDLEY *S. & G.*

Who is partnering Mrs. J. B. Weston in the Doubles at Wimbledon. In the Essex Championships at Westcliff-on-Sea Miss Ridley gained a triple victory, beating the holder, Mrs. P. H. Wrekin, in the Singles, and winning the Ladies' Doubles with Miss M. Cambridge and the Mixed with Mr. J. Pennycuick

MRS. RANDOLPH LYCETT *G.P.U.*

Who played against Australia in the Davis Cup match at Roehampton last week. She is again partnering Miss E. L. Colyer in the Ladies' Doubles at Wimbledon, and in the Mixed is playing with her husband

A Pictorial Men's Double of some

The Championships are notable for the absence of many of the American crack players, who usually provide a number of entries was made very evident by the many well-known players who were called upon to play off an it seems likely that she will be represented in the final of the Men's Singles.

# of this year's Wimbledon Warriors

CARICATURES BY MAC

much larger and more formidable contingent than is the case this year. However, that there was the usual large eliminating competition ere their entries were finally accepted—or refused. France is again well to the fore, and As Mlle. Lenglen is turning out, we hardly need mention the Ladies' Singles

time a "Suzanne" of a much more equable temperament, less liable to be shaken by the (for her) unusual experience of a hard match, and better prepared to look defeat in the face should it happen to become imminent. At Cannes I saw her take a defeat—in Mixed Doubles, *bien entendu*, not in Singles—with the smiling serenity of a real heroine.

MISS BOYD

The Australian player who, with the other members of the Australian Davis Cup team, made her first appearance in English tournaments at St. George's Hill, Weybridge, with marked success. Now that she is acclimatised and more used to grass courts she may go a good way in the Championships

THEN, again, we are welcoming for the first time a team of women from Australia. They are out to try their luck and gain experience; they do not profess to be in the first flight. But their presence is a sure indication that the sphere of women's influence in lawn tennis is extending, and that the women of Australia are eager to follow in the footsteps of her men.

FINALLY, there is "Young England," about which we who look on at Wimbledon with an eye to the future are very much concerned. "Young England," as the natural outcome of England's history during the past ten years, is better equipped with young women who are likely candidates for championship honours than with young men. The Wimbledon crowd knows this full well, and I am inclined to believe (as well as hope) that it will find our young girls worth watching. I also believe (and hope) that it will not expect too much of them. They have been boomed in the Press more enthusiastically than the occasion demands. This is unfortunate, but, perhaps, in these days inevitable. Several of them are, without a doubt, potential champions, but it is merely silly to talk of them as having already arrived. In the matter of stroke production they have, perhaps, outstripped the older generation. But there is an old lawn tennis adage that the game is played mainly with the head, and this is where at present they fail. They do not use their heads. I shall be told, perhaps, that this is only natural, seeing that they are so young. My reply is that they have been playing quite long enough for their head-work to be much better than it is. They must acquire the faculty for using their brains before it is too late; otherwise they will never get much nearer to the top than they are at present. One may be a perfect stylist, another a deadly driver, a third the swiftest thing on her feet that has ever happened. But where is the one who has it in her to emulate the cleverness of Mrs. Lambert Chambers or Mrs. Larcombe? It is for her that we shall be looking at this coming Wimbledon.

H. S. S.

MISS D. AKEHURST

The Australian Davis Cup player who is playing with Nigel Sharpe in the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon. She has now quite recovered from the recent muscular leg trouble for which she recently had an operation

MISS RYAN

The Californian player who has lately been playing at the top of her form. In some quarters she is considered to be likely to reach the final of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon, and is certain to give Mlle. Lenglen quite as good a fight as she did last year

MISS P. SAUNDERS.

Who is playing with the lady champion, Miss K. McKane, in the Doubles at Wimbledon. She and Miss McKane were beaten in the final round of the Kent Championships at Beckenham by Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Miss Ryan

Photographs *S. and G.*

MISS KITTY McKANE

The lady champion, who is defending her title in the Championships at Wimbledon. In the Mixed Doubles she is playing with J. B. Gilbert, with whom she beat so formidable a pair as C. G. Eames and Miss Ryan in two straight sets in the finals of the Kent Championships at Beckenham

A Paris Exhibition of Decorative Art—in London

Dorothy Wilding

Cortez and Peggy (the latter, to judge by our photograph, having a distinct "leaning" towards dancing) who are captivating audiences with their exhibition dancing at the Hotel Metropole. This delightful couple return to Paris to dance at the Théâtre de Champs Elysées on the completion of their London engagement

Produced at the St. James's Theatre, June 2, 1925. Transferred to the Lyric Theatre, Saturday, June 20.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

It is, I think, usually admitted that small minds can more easily derive amusement from the simple happenings of life than is possible for minds that are broader and more instructed. Not having a very large mind myself, I find much entertainment in what seems to me the inconsistencies of the aristocracy of Labour. For instance, the bricklayer may not do for profit a scrap of work that technically belongs to a carpenter; and the plumber who, in the course of his job, did a bit of plastering, would, as it were, set the Thames on fire in the Trade Union world. But secretaries of Trade Unions may draw their salaries as such, with a Parliamentary fee in addition, and may also write for the papers and crowd the ordinary working journalist out of his job, to say nothing of an occasional lecturer's fee now and then. And now here is Sir Patrick Hastings, with whom the eulogising of the Labour Party is something of a passion, butting into the craft of the working dramatist, although I understand he already makes a useful income at the Bar, and presumably draws his salary as a Member of Parliament as well.

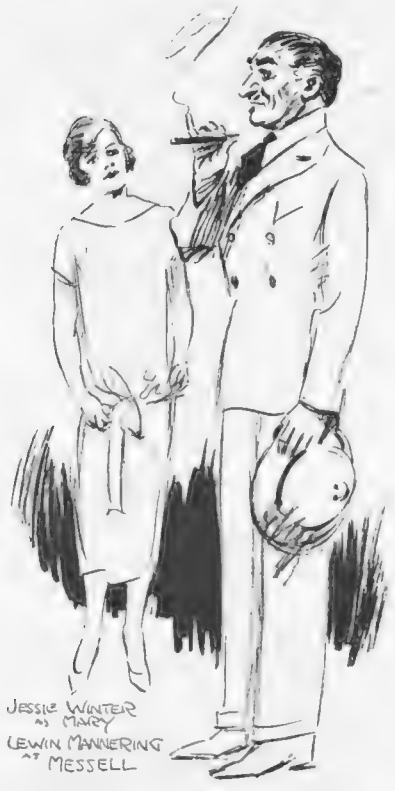
Meet Mr. John Carew, as they say in the States. John is away on the West Coast of Africa trying to forget things. While he was at the War he heard the dreadful news that his wife was unfaithful to him. He at once had the War stopped, or something like that, while he hurried home. Finding his wife and her alleged lover together, he shot the fellow there and then, and reported the incident to the police. At his trial his wife went into the witness-box and swore that the dead man had been her lover for quite a while. The result was that John was acquitted. I cannot, of course, debate the probability of such a result with an ex-Attorney-General. It would seem, however, that all Mrs. Carew's friends knew that she was simply lying to save her husband, and if I were dealing with a less distinguished lawyer I could find it in me to suggest that they all appear to be accessories to the fact of perjury in the first degree.

John Carew is in Africa in search of diamonds. Apart from his occasional homicidal tendencies, he appears to be quite a nice chap; and we understand that he wants the diamonds only that he may throw them at the feet of his unfaithful wife, to show that he, at least, has stayed true and good. Before John has got off the mark, however, Mr. Anthony Walford, a young gentleman in search of a job, arrives on the coast, and is fascinated by a young lady of the name of Mary. He understands that she is a widow, and he all but proposes to her. Then realising

that only the very adventurous marry without means of any kind, he decides to join Carew in his search for diamonds on the Get-rich-quick principle. We hear that Carew has got a boat with rather defective engines; but no mention is made of appliances for wresting the diamonds from their native heath; so that we are left to the conclusion that in those parts diamonds grow on trees, and have only to be shaken down like apples in September. It is not till the boat has begun its journey up the River that we learn that Mary is Mrs. Carew, the wife of the man who has gone on a trip from which he is not expected to return alive. This is a very strong situation, and brings down the curtain on the first act with triumphant success.

In the second act we are up the River, a year later. John Carew has got the diamonds all right; but his prospects of reaching the coast with them are sadly remote. The party consists of three white men only—Carew himself, Anthony Walford, and a delightful soldier of the faithful batman type, played with rich and characteristic humour by Mr. Clifford Mollison. Surrounding the party are hostile natives led by a Portuguese adventurer who wants half of the swag, or thereabouts, as the price of peace. Carew and Walford together discuss the situation, which appears to be

desperate in the extreme. Walford is to have a half-share of the find; but he protests at once that he wants them only for—Mary. Carew protests with equal fervour that he wants the diamonds only for Mrs. Carew. He then learns for the first time that his Mrs. Carew is Walford's Mary, and for the moment the tension is rather acute, as we have already learned that Carew has, as you might say, a short way with heretics. But there can be no question of a fight, since Walford lies helpless with a broken leg. As the diamonds are destined for the same objective in either case, it is finally agreed that Carew shall make the best kind of



get-away he can manage, leaving the others to break through if they can.

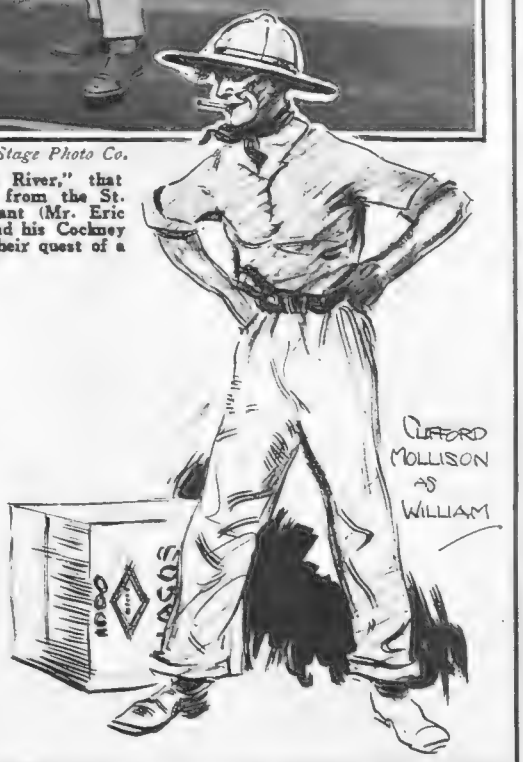
THEN sounds come from the distance indicating that the natives are advancing on the white men. There is the dull throbbing of many drums which, as the old lady said, is caused by the natives slapping their tum-tums, and the faithful William, going out to reconnoitre, comes back fatally wounded, and dies in his chief's arms, a philosopher to the end. Mr. Mollison has had so many compliments rightly paid him for his interpretation of this part that it is not necessary for me to say more than that I agree with everything nice that has been said about him. After William's death the skirmish becomes serious. A shot from a distance brings Carew down all of a heap; while it would seem to be only a matter of time for the helplessly crippled Anthony Walford to be done in with leisurely thoroughness. As the curtain falls on the second act we get the impression that all the leading characters have been wiped out as thoroughly as is done in Mr. Shakespeare's well-known play, *Hamlet*.

THE START OF THE JOURNEY [*Stage Photo Co.*

A scene from Sir Patrick Hastings' melodrama, "The River," that moved (speaking theatrically rather than geographically) from the St. James's Theatre to the Lyric last Saturday. Digby Grant (Mr. Eric Stanley) bids goodbye to John Carew (Mr. Leslie Faber) and his Cockney servant William (Mr. Clifford Mollison) on the start of their quest of a diamond-strewn river-bed in Central Africa

But then all sorts of miracles seem to happen on the West Coast of Africa.

THE great scene in the second act is admirably acted by Mr. Leslie Faber and Mr. Owen Nares. Carew, who has no use for life now that Mary seems to prefer Walford, does not care what happens to him so long as she receives the diamonds safely; Walford, on the other hand, handicapped by his broken leg, is obviously unfitted to undertake the journey to the coast. With the opening of the third act the plot takes a new turn. The sinful Portuguese person alleges at the British Residency that he left Walford for dead, and he has no doubt that Carew killed him in order to steal the diamonds. So vigorously does the Portuguese put his case that Carew is placed under arrest, and we do not see very well how he is to prove his innocence. Suddenly Walford turns up like the god from the clouds. A friendly native dragged him into the bush and healed his broken leg by faith-cure, or something of that sort, and then Walford strolled off to the coast a hundred miles away.



MISS JESSIE WINTER, as the mendacious but forgiving wife, has very little to do with her contradictory part except to forgive and be forgiven. Mr. William Hallman, as the horrid Portuguese person, is quite convincing, and we breathe a sigh of satisfaction when he is finally dragged off to durance. The play is very well constructed, but it runs here and there into rather wild improbabilities. A nice strenuous entertainment. JINGLE

Motley Musings

The Simple Life

1

For years my friends had talked about
The pleasures of the Simple Life;
"There's naught" (they said) "like camping-out,
Far from the fevered, fretful strife."
"Right-ho" (thought I), "I'll pitch my tent
Deep in a forest." And I went.

2

After two hours of strenuous toil,
I got my home to stand upright:
The kettle then refused to boil,
And then the ants began to bite.
"Dear me," I mused, "it's more than clear,
All is gnat gold that bit us here!"

3

At ten I sought my virtuous couch
(Some ferns and grass composed my bed).
"Ah, this is peace," I cried, when ouch!
A Something made me bump my head:
It was an adder on my cheek!
(I must have 'ad a narrow squeak!)

4

At twelve some inharmonious bird
Called to his mate: again at one,
"Down in the forest something stirred,"
(Wild ponies playing tip and run!)
At two, when I had sunk to rest,
The tent collapsed upon my chest!

5

Others, maybe, may love to camp
Where beasts and snakes and insects are,
May like to get their tootsies damp,
And scorn the subsequent catarrh;
Well, they can have the Simple Life—
I'm off to Westgate with the wife!

. . . . . .

The biggest optimist we have ever encountered was a racing acquaintance who took half a dozen shirts to Ascot.

Seasonable

"Lettuce,
Lettice?"
"Let us!"

. . . . . .

Certain Trade Union hotheads have, apparently, contracted cold feet.

. . . . . .

Mem. for this weather: Impatient husbands induce heat wives.

. . . . . .

Lord Dawson has remarked that we live too strenuously. Why cannot we obey the old maxim: Six days shall thy neighbour do all that thou hast to do, and on the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of work.

. . . . . .

The Canadian girl stowaway, who managed to reach an English port, has been re-patriated. Some of these steamship lines could do with a more rigorous system of berth control.

. . . . . .

A physician states that swimming under water is dangerous to health. And there are divers other diseases.

. . . . . .

"I don't wish him any harm," said the bowler to another as the Surrey crack completed his hundred, "but I should like to attend his 'Obbsequies!"

A correspondent states that our best men have never had statues erected to their memories. We should like to see one in honour of the first politician who drew a red herring across the trail.

. . . . . .

Commenting upon a musical play that has an early Roman setting, a critic unkindly suggests that the humour is in the correct period.

Still, if there's a rumour
It lacks comedy,
The fact is, B.C. humour
Isn't worth a "D"!

. . . . . .

A child outside a Salford dairy was badly injured by a goat with whom she was playing. In future, she will probably remember never to pat a butter.

. . . . . .

A well-known naturalist is interested in cross-breeding experiments between parrots and carrier pigeons. It is hoped that soon the latter will be able to deliver their messages by word of mouth.

. . . . . .

Will it be a case of "McKane while the sun shines" at Wimbledon this year?

. . . . . .

Or, "Come to my arms, my Beamish boy!"

. . . . . .

Answer to Correspondent: No, Bobby, an emu is not a female ram.

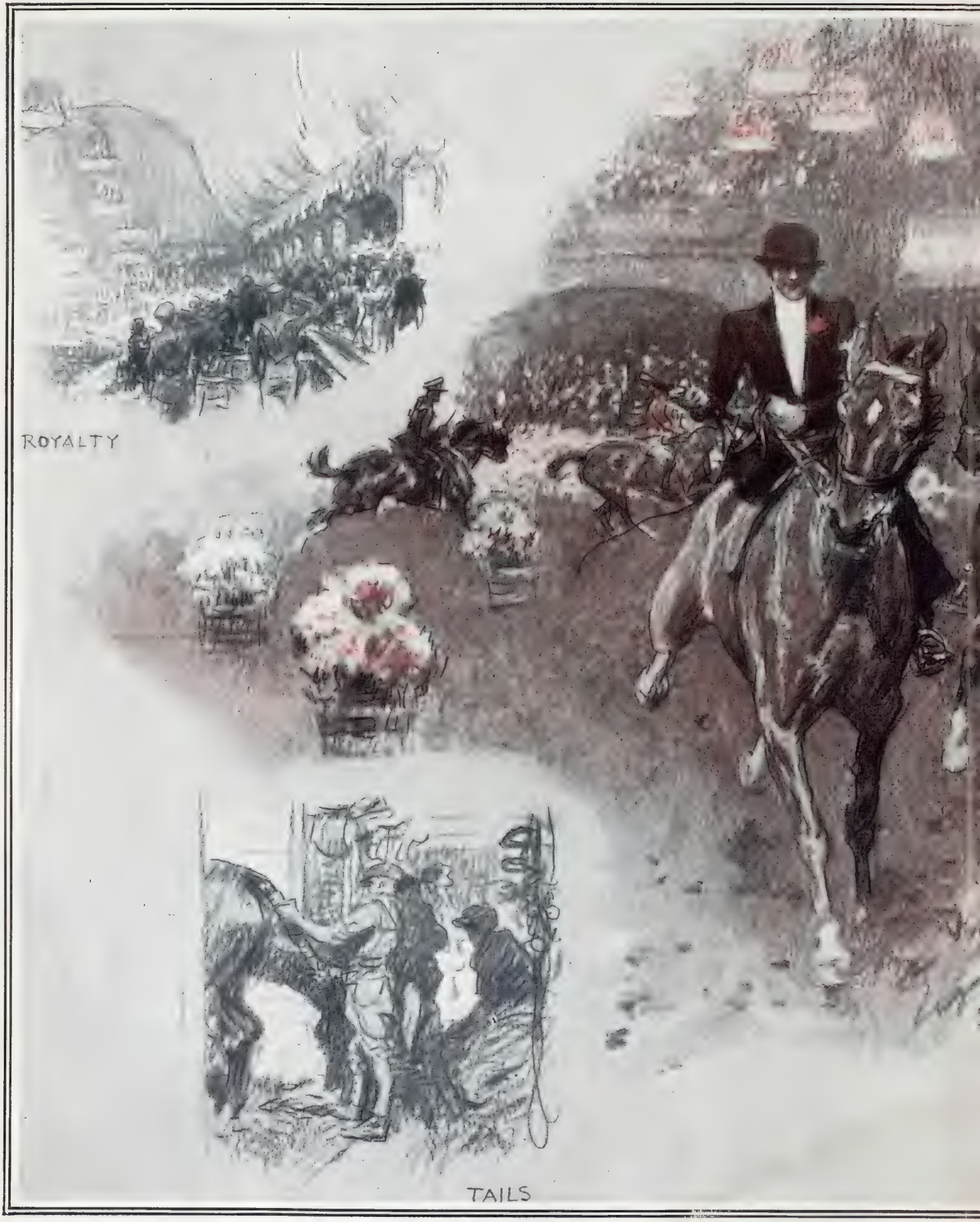
HARTLEY CARRICK

AN ATTIC STORY By Jack Gordge

She: "Lor, Bert, the name on that canoe is 'Pallas Athene.' What's it mean?"
Bert: "Dunno. It's Greek to me."

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE NET INCOME AND THE GROSS RETURN



IN THE RING

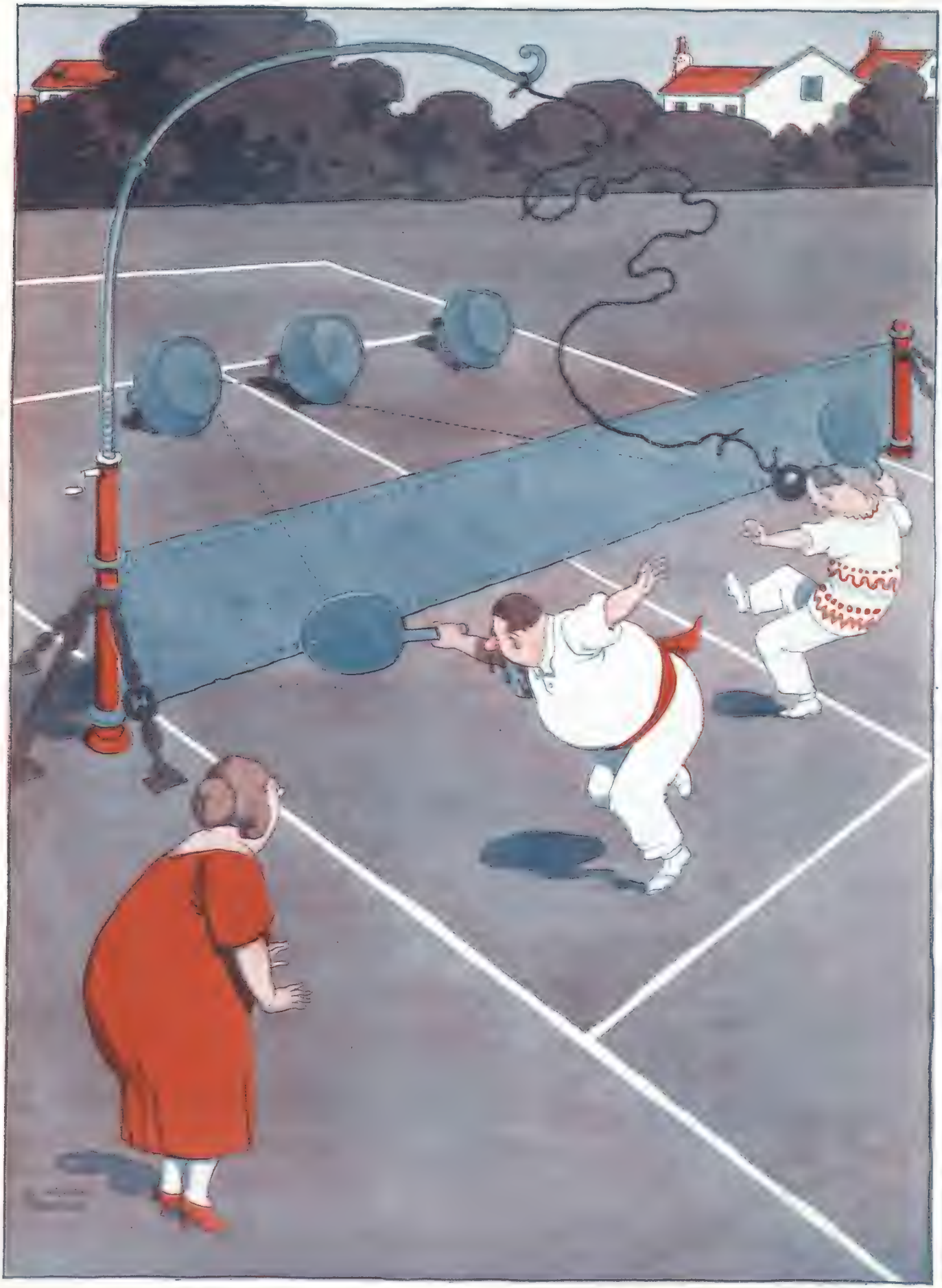
Some impressions of the International Horse Show which opened at Olympia this week. The opening Gala performance witnessed the competitio
three officers is on Friday. So, with the ladies well represented in the hunters' and hacks'

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

AT OLYMPIA

on for the King George V Gold Cup, nine European armies being represented. The jumping for the Prince of Wales's Cup for teams of events, the International Horse Show may be truly called a gathering of the Brave and the Fair

Putting Them on Their Metal



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE NEW TENNIS PRACTICE FOR CULTIVATING A VIGOROUS STYLE

TENNIS TYPES

By "PENDARVES"

THERE are, in the main, only three kinds of lawn or hard court tennis, all equally tiresome.

The most common (and dangerous) type is contained in the command appearing in the postscript of a rambling four-page week-end invitation. It reads thus: "Bring a racket." The laconic order is usually followed by things like this "!!!" In those lie the danger.

This may mean that there is some very "posh" tennis going to be presented to your astonished and disgruntled gaze—this county seethes with young men and maidens of the virile sporting variety—and the thought disturbs you not a little. I mean, a man can't be expected to drag himself half-way across England in order to make a complete exhibition of himself from Saturday morning until Sunday night—it can't be done. On the other hand, these hospitable people may be of those who delude themselves into thinking that because they have got some of the local fisherman's netting sagging across a kind of court, which the old gardener wandered over with some weak whitening last Thursday week, they aspire to be counted amongst the tennis-playing hierarchy. If they are addicted to that alleged form of amusement, you know by bitter experience that you will spend some back aching hours prodding about at the bases of dusty bushes accompanied by a chorus of encouraging remarks to the effect that "it went in somewhere about there . . . no, a bit more to your *left!* . . ."

Then there is the Tennis Club, where matters are taken very seriously indeed, and class hatred is made manifest more than at most other places in the sibilant whispers that stab the air up and down the long line of deck chairs. If the courts run in an unbroken line from end to end of ground, we endeavour, as far as is humanly possible, to play always on Courts I, II, and III. ("I mean the VIII, IX, and X fraternity are really *rather* frightful, don't you think? As George was saying the other day—and he's no snob, my dear, as you know. . . .") The VIII, IX, and X people think we are a lot of stuck-up idiots ("though what about goodness alone knows, considering that. . . .") If the club members, owing to the configuration of the ground—or the stupid tea arrangements—cannot keep regally apart from each other, you will see expositions of that freezing politeness which the milk of human kindness necessitates in all social assemblies.

Moreover, 99½ per cent. of the conversation round the courts is, you may be sure, to the detriment of those at the moment pirouetting upon them.

There is, lastly, Wimbledon and its wizardry, which is the Mecca of all tennis types. It seems to be the Mecca of a good many other pilgrims, too, nowadays. One's wife, for example, who reads aloud from the Personal Column at breakfast, a distressing habit of hers: "Two Centre Court seats, adjoining Royal Box, 104 shillings each; whole meeting, 20 guineas each. Write, Box 99—There you are, Henry, *just* what we want (she uses the plural number very loosely at times): you'll write at once, of course. I *must* have some clothes: I haven't a *thing*—now let me see. . . ." You know what follows.

Two things always puzzle me during a Wimbledon Week. One is why it is impossible for any player to appear on the skyline with less than three rackets under the arm? I have never seen a string go yet. I don't believe they ever do in a Wimbledon Wizard's racket—however, I don't want to be unkind. The other is why none of us get an appalling stiff neck if we are sitting in the middle of the Court? That left-right-left-right of the head from 2 to 6 p.m. has a most curious effect upon me. I find myself doing it in the Tube going home; until my wife recalls me sharply to normality with a "Henry, dear, *whatever* are you doing?—you're terrifying that little boy opposite; for goodness' *sake* pull yourself together. . . ."

At the average tennis party about the country most of the tennis types are available for your ghoulish inspection. There is the gentleman in the loud blazer who does not play but organises the American Tournament. He walks about energetically with a large double-sheet of foolscap pasted on cardboard; he overflows with efficiency and breezy authority, and refers to the balls as "pills."

There is the very fat lady with the very pink eye-shade. I suppose this latter weapon is indispensable now—all the best (and worst) people have them. Though what we did about it before Helen Wills came amongst us I can't conceive. Anyway they give one a certain caste, apparently. There is the truculent gentleman in the floppy white hat, who comes up like an express train and "kills" a gift low lob viciously at the net, and then retires nimbly to the base line with a walk which implies clearly "you can't send back those sort of things to ME."

There is the born poacher (gaol is the only place for him); the Woodman who looks concernedly at his racket after each ineffective jab; the perpetual apologist ("Sorry, partner, my fault, I gave them that game. . . .") And there are, of course, the Pot Hunters—itinerant people who tour the countryside in couples. . . . But this being a proverbially tolerant paper we will not go into their case. [I should think not!—ED.]

VIEW-POINTS

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

WIFE: "This wonderful view leaves me speechless!"
HE: "Er—shall we stop here a nice long time, dearest?"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"This makes Madame snatch at the Legion of Honour"

MES AMIS—

FOR a really French revue you might do worse than try the Lune Rousse. You may be almost completely assured that there you will not have to jostle in a motley of "tourists," which I gather—from a multitude of inquiries—is now the prime success of a Paris visit. I do not say that the Lune Rousse revue is the most dazzling of its kind, but it does meet this new demand of "somewhere where the French people themselves go," and there is nothing like giving inquirers just what they ask for.

AND, furthermore—and how much it is—in this revue you will find some *esprit*, which needs an immense amount of searching for in the music-halls of the boulevards. *Esprit* is a quality which fades out of the spectacular combinations of the boulevard halls in proportion with their growing mastery of scenic effects. Most of the sketches at the favourite establishments of the tourist are puerile, but in the obscure little places trouble is still taken to put an idea into them and work it out wittily.

TOPICALITIES are in some instances very deftly handled, which is the essence of a good revue. Easily the best is the new version of the ecent adventure of a well-known actress, who startled ribbon-chasing Parisians by refusing the rosette of the Legion of Honour. The authors show how simple it would have been to induce Madame to accept; for the bearer, when faced with refusal, just pretends that he has got the address wrong and that the rosette is really destined for the actress's principal rival, which, of course, makes Madame snatch at it.

NATURALLY, there are many allusions to the Decorative Arts Exposition, which offers to the shafts of *revuistes* too ready a mark to be missed. But a graceful comparison is made with the more popular exhibitions of 1889 and 1900 in the setting of the elaborate *toilettes* of those days beside the schoolgirl frocks and schoolboy hairdressing of to-day. Paul Poiret's controversial barges *de luxe* are also evoked, but there is silence about the *maître d'hôtel* who was pushed overboard by a *costaud* of a client, angry at being overcharged.

THIS Exposition is surely the most bewildering of its kind. Though it has been officially "open" for about two months, pavilions are still being "inaugurated" at the rate of two or three a day by dignitaries of various nations, and there is an arithmetical problem up for solution in the query whether there will be time to "inaugurate" all of them before the Exposition is due to close. These inaugurations entail an unconscionable number of long-distance lunches, prepared with an art superior to that of all the Decorative artists, but which are really a waste of talent in such torrid *temps*. One of the inaugurations, that of the Tour de Bordeaux, imposed a mighty burden of delusion, for the proprietors of the famous vineyards of the region were among us and they were drinking—water! Let us put it down to unselfishness—they were leaving their vintage brands to us.

"There is silence about the *maître d'hôtel* who was pushed overboard"

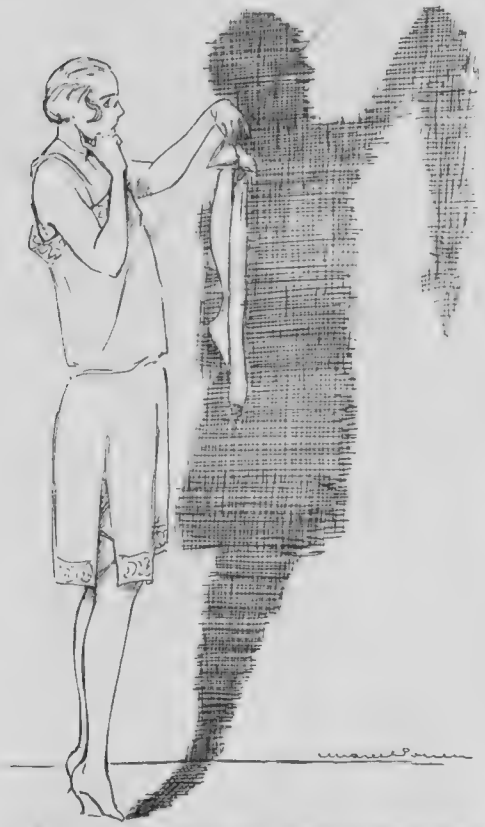
"Put on a pair of slippers"

As novelties go, however, I should say the most extraordinary is the custom among certain classes of visitors of bringing a pair of slippers with them. In the way of canny forethought this would need much to rival. When they pay their two francs-fifty they mean to have their money's worth by seeing everything there is to be seen, and though the exhibition is nothing like the size of Wembley, one can walk quite a long way in extracting the last centime's worth of free-gazing. After which, utterly exhausted but satisfied, they struggle to a seat in the Champs Elysées, put on the pair of slippers, and recover, while recounting to one another all they have seen and learned. Another addition to the class of unsung, if not unshod, heroes.

SOMETIMES one has been induced to suspect that there was also a class of unstockinged heroines, but I am informed by Yvonne, who is a very acceptable authority on these delicate matters, that such suspicions are very base, the facts being that the manufacturers have, *enfin*, attained the desired degree of invisibility. There is obvious room for congratulation of the designers and manufacturers on such

a result, but one does not see equal reason to felicitate the wearers. Being invisible, these films cannot be ornamental. If you want to appear to be without stockings, why wear 'em? Yvonne has no answer; perhaps some Winnie may know.

THIS cult of the *nu*, the near *nu*, or the seeming *nu*, is now being laid to the account of Pierre Louys. People who now feel unafraid to pronounce on the subject, assert that it was his story, *Aphrodite*, which revived the habit of casting clouts without the least consideration for the fact that May was out or not, a habit that had been suppressed since the days of the Directoire. Pierre Louys, it is even alleged, is responsible for such unrestrained, if artistic and publicly popular, clout-casting as is executed nightly at the Folies-Bergère. There is perhaps more substance in this accusation than there is in the raiment of the *figurantes* in these spectacles, but it seems a pity that it should have been withheld until he had gone. He may not have minded, so long as the artistic note was level with that of his polished writing



"If you want to appear to be without stockings, why wear 'em?"

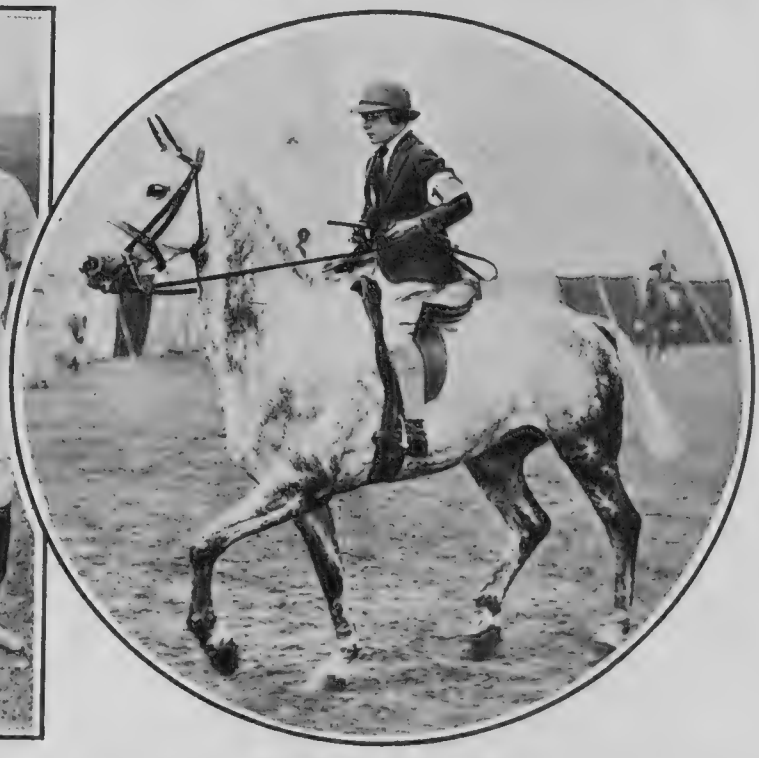
style, but it is unfair not to have offered him a chance to answer the attack.

EVIDENCE accumulates (as they say in the crime mysteries) to prove that there is no limit to the potentialities of the cigarette. You may recall that, but a little while ago, cigarettes were going off with a bang, in various odd corners of France, badly singeing the few beards available, and producing a lack of confidence in the reliability of the packers, who had never previously been suspected of putting in anything but tree trunks as make-weight. Now we have had an adventure with a cigarette that stopped a train, not once, nor twice, but three times thrice.

IT was an English cigarette (name, in confidence, supplied to the Editor). Marcel and I chanced to be excursioning in Seine-et-Oise, and mounted one of those *trains departementals*, which have the good looks of trains, and the bad habits of trams—that is, they stop with inexplicable frequency at places that conform with Euclid's definition of a point, but nobody else's. Craving for a smoke, though a notice in the one first-class compartment insisted, "*Defense de fumer*," it seemed to me that the only tactical line was to offer a cigarette to the *conducteur* and get him smoking too. The trick worked all right and we were able to smoke in comfort.

BUT that was more than could be said for the *conducteur*. At every stop he had to blow a kind of whistle-pipe while leaning out, and each time, nine times in all, he dropped the cigarette which had competed for a place in his mouth with the whistle-pipe. But every time he whistled again, stopped the train, and went underneath to recover the cigarette. He confided that it was the first time he had ever smoked an English cigarette, and he did not intend to lose a whiff of it. That, he mentioned, explained his preliminary sniffing. We left him the stock, *brave homme*. RENÉ

! Out of Doors with the



id General

13 goals to
Names:
A. Beard

RING TIME AT RICHMOND

L. N. A.

Miss Judy Forward, who gained first prize for the best girl rider on the second day of the Richmond Horse Show. The children's events are always very popular at the Old Deer Park

RITY GARDEN PARTY

Sport and General

, Highgate, where some of the Wimbledon competitors gave exhibition games in aid of the ngton Infant Welfare Centre

Camera in June's Brightest Sunshine

A "SEA FEVER" OUTBREAK AT BOURNE END *Topical*

The start of the race for the Connaught Cup (and Mr. James Steel's prize) for "A" class boats at Bourne End, under the management of the Upper Thames Sailing Club. Mr. T. L. Turketine's "Kingfisher" won easily in a light nor'-nor'-west breeze, over a nine-mile course

Sport and General

SOME WEST OF SCOTLAND WINNERS

Mrs. Keith Buchanan (winner in the Mixed Doubles), Mrs. F. W. Murray, Miss Thom (winner of the Ladies' Singles) and Miss Rankine at the West of Scotland Lawn Tennis Championships at Glasgow

Sport and General

A CHAMPION IN TWO COUNTRIES

Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume, who defeated Mlle. de Bellet in the French Ladies' National Golf Championship

The Continental Express

BY DAVID WILSON

An impression of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, pioneer of the Brighter Lawn Tennis Movement

YOGO HAMA'S CARAVAN TIPPINGS

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

ARE it not 1 delicious sweet song to be non-defunct, but extremely much alive; to experience the winds on the heath brother, to feel the salt tan of the waves and other billows, to step on spots that have not ever been stepped on before! To, I rhapsode, hear the

"I have dreamed to be a pioneer"

call of the wild and suchly savage sounds, to preamble the forests and wasteless tracks, to imbibe enormous gals of pure and expensiveless ozone, to——

"Excuse me to suggest, Mr. Y. Hama, you should non-delay to immediately consult a medical physician before you suffer even worse symptoms of the head. Our English sun-strokes are of very non-equalled ferocity and especially fatal to foreign-birthed per-sons," you impop, Hon. Sir?

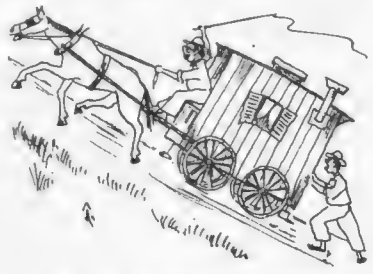
Bah! I response, you have not any soul, but only a husk or other dry-as-dust organ. Come, I ejacule, let us tear our shoes from the so wicked streets and cities, and plunge them into the great open and other spaces like as the so ancient Britains who did not wear garments but only fresh air. Let us dance on the green and other swards in only our shirts, or even with not any——

"Shame for fie, Mr. Y. Hama, I crimsonly blush for your so non-delicacy! If I had not succeeded to imbottle your so modestless words in time, I cannot dare to suppose what chasteless suggestings you should have deposed. Your head is getting too big for your boots, Mr. Y. Hama," you reproof, Hon. Sir?

Alasly, you have quenched my muse and sat on the flame of my afflatus, I begroan gloomishly. What shall I depict you?

"Kindly to purvey some authentic and blushless informations, Mr. Y. Hama, which shall not cause to flap the most tender ears."

Then I shall inform re concerning a caravan tripping which I made to recently perform with Hon. cousin name of Matsu. Perhapsly it shall also produce some goodish tippings to tyroes who anticipate to go yackting in a caravan for good healths. From ever since I was so big as a very small infantine, I have dreamed to be a pioneer like as the non-trepid persons who ploughed their wagon across the roaring praries to California and suchly new worlds and lived only on Red Indians and other extinct *fauna*. Let us, I declamed to Hon. Matsu, seek to also conquer new hemispheres on or about Hindhead and other wasteless tracts where man has not planted his foot-prints ever before. How sweetish it shall be to incamp ourselves on the so wild *pampas* with not anybody but only the stars to light our beds, to seek fragrant ponds and nudely plunge——



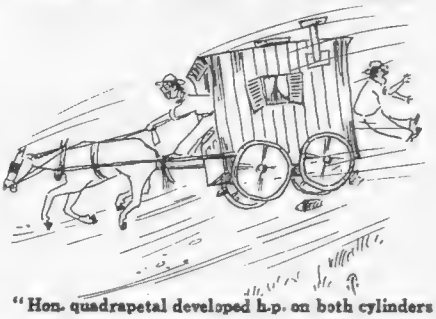
"We hied for the Great Unknown"

"Mr. Y. Hama, kindly to watch your steps re modestless suggestings," you pre-monish, Hon. Sir?

And nudely plunge attired in adequate and legal bathing bags into these liquid deposits, if any. (Ha, ha, this makes 1 to me!)

"Indeedly yes, Yogo, this are very stupendously ripping idea," Matsu response.

So we make purchase for hire a caravan, also a quadrapetal reprint of a horse for propelling same. Then we hied for the Great Unknown steering S by ½W and wind abaft the beam. We achieved a goodish 5 knots per mile till Hon. quadrapetal miss-fired on 1 cylinder and we heaved into Esher for repairings. At 9 or 10 bells by the dog watch we pushed out of Esher steering S by W for Ripley, wind on the port tack. Soonly Hon. quadrapetal disgorged noises which caused us to think he had a choke in



"Hon. quadrapetal developed h.p. on both cylinders"

his carburetter which, howeverly, we could not succeed to find. We had to painfully imbibe 10 bottles of beer to make lighten the cargo and at lastly we heaved into Cobham under bare——

"Mr. Y. Hama!"

Bare poles, Hon. Matsu achieving to strenuously push behind. We succeeded to have Hon. quadrapetal mended and left Cobham very hard to leeward. Before not so very long, Hon. quadrapetal developed h.p. on both cylinders and we kicked up enormous knots till Hon. Matsu fell overboard, necessitating me to declutch and port the helm. Having recovered same, we sighted Ripley about Lat. 6 p.m., Long. 0.5.

"We made discover some natural beauties"

"Should it not be a sportish idea to land here and seek to ascertain some beauty or other delicious spots?" Hon. Matsu dispose.

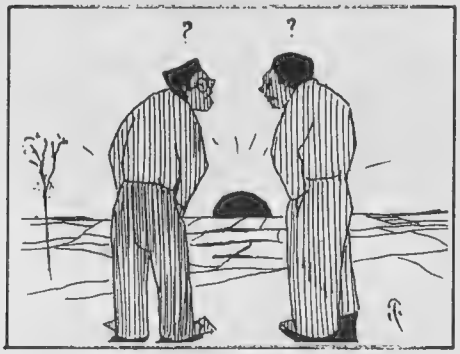
"Non-doubtedly yes," I responsed, "also because Hon. quadrapetal has started to knock after his so great speeds."

We pushed saidly quadrapetal to a horse garage for overhauls and

"We non-suffered good reposes"

decarbonisings if requisite. Afterwardsly we made discover some natural beauties with very luscious beer at only 4/- per gal.

"How for to incamp under some stars for good healths, Matsu?" I beseek.



"Admired the land and other scapes"

"Banzai! That shall be deucish top-hole, Yogo!"

We discovered to find a spot very non-disturbed by the haunts of man and spread ourselves out under a star like as pioneer persons. But we non-suffered good reposes because of the *floras, faunas* and other winged stingsters which made to profusely bite us in large quantities and gusto. Before not so long we failed to stand it, so got up and admired the land and other scapes.

"Are it not delicious to witness this so mundaneless beauty, Yogo?" Matsu impipe.

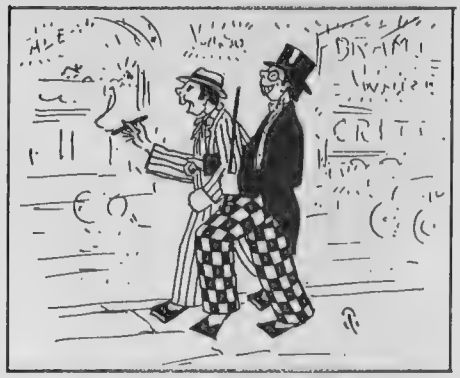
"O yes," I rebark, "and proves to show how enormously better it are to imbibe the works of nature, than carnal pleasures like as Liecester Square."

"That are debatelessly so. But, alasly, I have just succeeded to remember a frightfully important business which necessitates I should return top-speeds to London, Yogo."

"It are very damnish nuisance, Matsu, but you have caused me to remember I must depict some commentings for Hon. Bystander and have non-recollected to provide my pen. This non-doubtedly necessitates me to sail for London by return of post."

When we arrived to Ripley, Hon. garage person informed that our quadrapetal had suffered a puncture and become totally deceased. Also we discovered to non-possess sufficient cashes to make hire a moting car, so that we tramped our hoofs for home where we achieved to eventually arrive more dead as alive.

"We tramped our hoofs for home"



"There are beauties in Piccadillys Circus"

O yes, I should dote to live in the so beautiful wilds and suchly non-habited spots with only some nature for my blanket. But, alasly, this cannot succeed to be. And, when all are said and finish, there are beauties in Piccadillys Circus which even nature could not achieve to produce.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your healths continue to robust,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

ANOTHER PARENT PROBLEM

By Stan Terry

The Bore: "Speaking of small babies, my father weighed only three pounds at birth."
The Bored (*drowsily*): "And did he live?"

Food for Thought!

BY STAN TERRY

THEO: "Feeling tired, are you, Keith? What did you have for lunch?"
KEITH: "Breakfast!"

The Romance and Mystery of Finger-Prints

THE SCIENCE IN ITS EARLY DAYS

By VINCENT WRAY (*Author of "Finger-Prints of Fate," etc., etc.*)

THE first persons convicted of murder through the medium of finger-prints were the brothers Alfred and Albert Stratton.

An aged shopkeeper and his wife were assassinated at Deptford under circumstances of great brutality. They kept a sort of general store, and it was rumoured that they were of miserly habits, and that they kept a considerable sum on the premises. In reality they were far from being mean or grasping; they were in the habit of assisting many who were in need. However that may be, the policeman passing in the early hours of a certain morning found that the front windows had been smashed and that the shop door was swinging open.

It occurred to him instantly that thieves had entered by the window and made their exit through the door. He went inside and discovered the bodies of the shopkeeper and his wife. There was every evidence that the old man had made a dramatic struggle for his life; but the intruders had been armed with burgling implements and had used them with such effect that both the victims had been battered to death.

When detectives from Scotland Yard arrived, they looked round for clues that might lead them to the murderers; but the only thing they could find was a cash-box which had been broken open and looted. This was carefully preserved and taken to Scotland Yard. Close inspection showed that there were a number of smudges which must have been made by the fingers of the men who had handled it. Instantly photographic apparatus were used and the prints were "taken" and enlarged.

Next a search was made amongst the files of the finger-prints which were already in the library of the department. And it was not long ere those of the Strattons were unearthed, and the points of resemblance between these and the ones photographed from the cash-box was so marked that some officers at once went in search of the suspected men.

One, I believe, was arrested in a public-house, and there was none more surprised than he when he was told that he was "wanted" for the alleged murder in Deptford. He blustered and swore by all he held sacred that he was innocent, and offered to prove an *alibi*. His brother, who was afterwards taken also, grew indignant and was fervent in his protests. All the same, they were both charged and eventually committed for trial.

It was the discovery of the finger-prints that provided the clue, and the police set about finding other evidence. Soon they were in a position to prove that the Strattons had been seen hanging about the neighbourhood of the shop on the evening before the crime, and that immediately afterwards they had been "flush" with money and had spent it freely in the houses they frequented.

In due time they appeared at the Old Bailey. They were ably defended, and the whole of the arguments turned upon the infallibility of finger-prints. It was urged that the system was no science, and that no jury should allow lives to be risked through the "operation of a new-fangled idea which was in the region of make-believe and charlatanry."

The trial attracted widespread attention, and amongst those who were present from day to day was the late George R. Sims—then one of the foremost criminologists of the time. He was frankly "up against" what he termed an unnatural method of convicting men, but he was forced to acknowledge that other evidence made the guilt of both men seem "probable."

Both the Strattons—who were each under twenty years of age—were condemned to die. Instantly there was a loud outcry, in the course of which the system of identification by finger-prints came in for much criticism and abuse. One author published a brochure in which he presented a view of the cash-box showing the smudges, insisting that it was impossible that any notice could be taken of such "an incomplete and unsatisfactory piece of mis-evidence."

There was an appeal for a reprieve, which was based on the facts that the brothers were still young and that their guilt had by no means been demonstrated. The petition was widely circulated and extensively signed. But the appeal was in vain, and both the men were executed. Before they died they made full confession, this setting at rest any who doubted the justice of their conviction.

It is safe to say that had it not been for the smudges on the cash-box—and they were smudges except to the expert and under the microscope—the Strattons would never have been brought to justice.

Shortly after this a man broke into an office in Staines. He stole a considerable sum and dynamited the safe. In addition to the money there were missing a number of securities, which could be negotiated on the Continent with perfect safety. It was essential that the thief should be taken at once. But there seemed no clue, until a Scotland Yard officer noticed a print on the window-pane.

He cut out the pane and carried it to Scotland Yard, where the print was recognised as one made by a notorious international crook who had been several times in English gaols. The hue and cry was raised, and plain-clothes men at various ports were warned, with the result that a man was arrested at Dover when he was *en route* for France. He was searched, and all the securities were found upon him and were eventually restored to the rightful owner. Had it not been for the tell-tale prints on the window-pane, the thief must have won clear and the securities have been sold.

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 3

June 24, 1925

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, June 29

Only one thumb to be placed in this square.

For Rules governing this fascinating competition, see page 1024

MANY "PEARLS" OUTSHINE TÉCLAS AND ORIENTALS

THAT'S the trouble with them! They shine too much! — whereas Orientals and Téclas do not shine at all, but shed a soft and subtle iridescence that puts the bead-like brilliancy of imitation pearls to shame!

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PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

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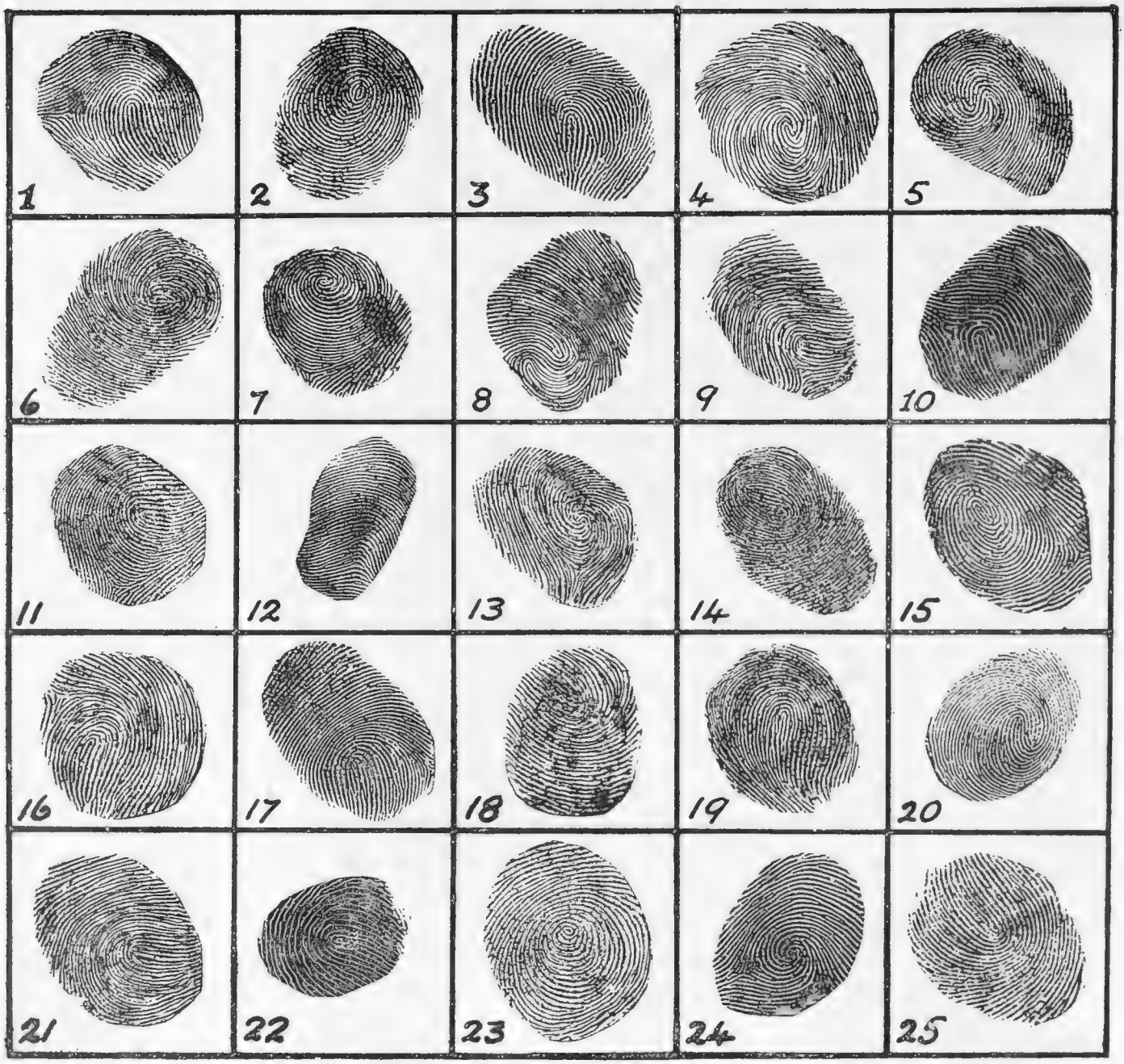
MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT

SOMETHING NEW IN COMPETITIONS



SELECTION No. 1

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before June 15. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints sent in by our readers. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon to be found on p. 1022 preceding. A very little practice will enable you to obtain a clear impress. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Repeat this until you obtain a clear outline. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon on the preceding page (p. 1022) with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, June 29. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of July 8) examine them carefully, and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own particular guinea's worth of smudge from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims must reach us within one week of the date of publication of the print. Thus, in the case of the selection reproduced above, claims should reach us by first post on Wednesday, July 1, the envelope being marked on the outside with the words "CLAIM No. 1."

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

A Flight of Fancy from Hendon Way

BY LIEUT-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

A colourful—if somewhat unreliable—vision of a little 'plane sailing which will be indulged in at the Royal Air Force Display. This annual performance of aerial acrobatics takes place at Hendon on Saturday next, June 27

COMPETITORS IN THE SCOTTISH LADIES'

An interesting group of all the competitors in the Scottish Ladies' Golf Championships held at Gullane last week. Left to right: (Back Row) Miss Corbett, Miss Grimond, Miss G. Dempster, Miss M. A. Robertson; (Standing) Miss W. Strain, Miss Middlemas, Miss M. Smith, Miss Irvine, Mrs. J. B. Dawson, Mrs. R. H. Wallace-Williamson, Mrs. S. A. Rome, Miss S. Millar; (Sitting) Miss F. Morison, Mrs. T. Brown, Miss Joan Gow, Mrs. J. B. Watson, Miss Eva Anderson, Mrs. Mellis, Miss J. G. Brown, Mrs. Walter Neilson, Mrs. Percy, Miss Watt; (On Ground) Miss Stenhouse, Miss Robertson-Durham.

THE HEAD OF THE RIVER *W. Crisp*

They say that there is no smoke without fire. Jesus College evidently thinks otherwise, for the crew of Jesus 1st Boat, which finished May Week—as "head of the river," have certainly been off smoking; and yet, according to accounts, there was plenty of fire, in the shape of bonfires in court and cricket field, to celebrate the occasion

LF CHAMPIONSHIPS AT GULLANE *J. C. H. Balmain*

s. Watt Wilson, Miss E. M. Smith, Miss Thoms, Miss Elsie Smith, Mrs. Rowan, Mrs. Fyffe, Miss Ferm, Miss Nimmo, Miss Brown, Hon. Mrs. s. Buchanan, Miss Hair, Miss Morrice, Miss W. Morrison, Miss Carmichal, Miss K. Park, Miss S. A. Walker, Mrs. Auld, Miss Simpson, ss M. Thomas, Miss Robertson (Hon. Sec. Scottish Ladies' Golf Union), Miss E. Grant Suttie, Miss M. J, Wood, Mrs. Steel, Miss Clem Montgomery, ss Ingles, Miss Irvine, Miss Joyce Gow, Miss B. Turnbull, Miss M. Couper, Miss M. Park, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Van Marle, Miss Lennox, d Mrs. Bilton

FIGURES OF EIGHT *Central Press*

The cox and crew of Newnham College, clad in the Cantabrian (feminine) version of Oxford "bags." Socks, according to some, are evidently being worn lower this year, but otherwise, so far as we can gather, rowing fashions will be according to established tradition

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

A Great Ascot

A WONDERFUL Ascot for weather, and a memorable meeting for sport. Looking back upon the leading features of the week, I have heartily to congratulate the Hon. George Lambton upon having carried off three races with the first horses he saddled at the meeting. It has fallen to very few trainers within my experience to bring off the hat trick at Ascot. Not everything, however, went smoothly for the Stanley House stable at the Royal meeting. The breakdown of Pharos was most untimely, for he looked to have a great chance of winning the Royal Hunt Cup. I suppose backers of Cockpit will now scornfully deny the suggestion that Pharos would have successfully conceded the weight. In any case we may be sure that Lord Derby's horse would have been a pronounced public favourite. We shall not see him again on the race-course, but, of course, he is of vast value for the stud.

The Derby Winner

MOST people appeared to be staggered when Manna failed to give the weight to Solario in the Ascot Derby. I cannot understand their astonishment, as the result was merely a return to the two-year-old form of the two colts. It was perfectly obvious that the Epsom Derby had been a falsely run race. It was Donoghue's tactics rather then the brilliance of Manna which enabled the Beckampton colt to make such an example of his field at Epsom. Once again we are reminded of the fact that it does not require a dead stayer to win the Derby. I have never agreed with the claim that Manna is a genuine stayer, and his performance at Ascot makes me less inclined than ever to accept him as a really stout performer. Admittedly he has a wonderful turn of speed, and his electrical dash enabled him to have the Epsom Derby in safe keeping a long way from home. But he will not carry my money in the St. Leger.

BY "THE TOUT"

LORD ALLENDALE

Caricatured while chatting to his jockey, H. Jelliss. Our subject is a patron of Basil Jarvis's stable, and had a good deal of personal experience as an amateur jockey when he was Capt. W. H. Beaumont

Solario's Future

THERE is no reason to go into transports of enthusiasm regarding Solario's success at Ascot. It was just a reasonably good performance. Sparus finished too close to him to cause us to regard it as a great achievement. At the moment of writing, there is no intention of sending Solario to compete for the Grand Prix de Paris on Sunday next. Sir John Rutherford would much prefer to win the Doncaster St. Leger than the Grand Prix, and the colt is to be trained for the last of the classic races. If I had to make a bet on the St. Leger now I would certainly take Solario for my investment.

Pitmen's Derby

THE big race of the current week is the Northumberland Plate, often referred to as the Pitmen's Derby. Among well-fancied ones here are Ribblesdale, a good representative of North Country stables, and Mark Marten, whose owner is a Newcastle man. Kentish Knock won the Gold Vase in such convincing style for Mrs. Arthur James that he must have had a great chance of repeating that triumph at Gosforth Park even with his 12 lb. penalty. But the news at the moment of writing is that all is not well with the Newmarket colt. I shall give **Pilum** another chance. On Thursday the John Osborne Handicap may be won by **Actius** and the Gosforth Park Cup by **Sunstone.** At the end of the week Sandown and Haydock share the fixture list. At the southern meeting the chief attraction will be the June Rose Handicap on Saturday. **Baton Rouge** may prove equal to carrying top-weight to victory. At Haydock on the same day **Winker** may take the Great Central Handicap.

POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

A Notable Final

I DO not think we have seen a better polo match so far this season than the final of the Open Cup at Ranelagh. Certainly there has been none to equal it in pace, hard hitting, and vigour. The previous meeting of the Jodhpur and Eaton teams had resulted in a tremendous finish at Roehampton, but the latter side did not play such remarkably fine polo as they did at Ranelagh. Reversing the earlier result, Eaton now won by 7 goals to 3. Let me say at once that they richly deserved their victory. I have seen it suggested that the Indian side had an off day, but that is by no means my opinion. Jodhpur gave us very brilliant polo, and they were beaten mainly because they were repeatedly ridden off the ball by the heavier men opposed to them. Eaton put all their weight into their work. Moreover, they appeared to be just as well mounted as their rivals.

A Well-Mounted Side

THE Duke of Westminster, who was not himself in the team, must have been delighted to see his efforts to form a fine stud of ponies so splendidly vindicated. The Maharajah of Jodhpur's ponies have been the admiration of all, but in this game we were to realise there was at least one team capable of equalling them in this direction. The greatest pony on the field was Mr. John Traill's Tabita, who was ridden by the Marquis de Villabragima as well as by his owner. This big pony did magnificent things, and his prowess went far towards winning the match for Eaton.

A Great Player

I HAVE never wavered in my opinion that Traill is the finest player in English polo to-day, and it has always seemed to me perfectly ridiculous that his services have never been utilised in International polo. For one reason or another there has been a prejudice against him that is well known. But why Selection Committees should have denied themselves the service of the best available talent passes my understanding. I would like to hear Jodhpur's opinion as to the most formidable player who has been against them this season. It is a shade of odds upon them naming Traill. He was not, however, the only outstanding personality in the Open Cup final.

Charles Hunter

COLONEL CHARLES HUNTER played like a hero. Goodness knows how many moons have passed since he was leading the 4th Dragoon Guards to victory in the Inter-Regimental Championship. It is delightful to see him playing as brilliantly to-day as ever he did before the War. Traill takes so many risks in galloping to the forefront of the game that he needs an exceptionally experienced No. 3 to act as cover. Hunter fitted in with him admirably. A great "back" himself, he was always ready to drop back to fill Traill's place. This stiffened the Eaton fence admirably, and made it exceedingly difficult for the Jodhpur forwards to streak away with the ball in their accustomed style. The Marquis of Villabragima again showed himself to be one of the most improved forwards in polo. The young Spaniard has taken a leaf out of Traill's book, and now invariably rides with a sheepskin over his saddle. The Duke of Westminster's son-in-law, Mr. W. Filmer Sankey, makes an excellent No. 1 for the team.

Worthington

revives enthusiasm

A RIVIERA BRIDE

Mlle. Simone Ruhl, daughter of Monsieur Henry Ruhl, the well-known hôtelier of Cannes and Dinard, who was recently married in Paris to Monsieur Alain Petit

FEMINA

DESIGNING WOMEN

By MRS. M. VINCE

It used to be an argument against women, in the days of the suffrage agitation, that designing women—in this sense—were impossible; that women could not originate; that all the great artists, inventors and discoverers were men.

There has just been an exhibition of inventions in London, the first of what is intended to be a series of annual exhibitions. There were all sorts of ingenious things there, from knife-sharpeners to otter-trawls, from baby-carriages and children's scooters to an artificial Pneumothorax Apparatus for "preventing a diseased lung from breathing, and so giving it the rest necessary for recovery," from transparent saucepan lids to buffer-couplings for railways, from one-piece collar-studs to wireless battery containers. There seemed to be something ingenious to help one in almost every occupation or accident of life.

But what interested me most were some of the domestic inventions of women, and in particular some very ingenious pieces of furniture. There was a "lattice drier," a little light wooden frame which opened out so that it could be laid across the top of a clothes-horse or towel-rail or two chairs—an excellent arrangement for drying gloves or stockings, or for woollen clothes which can be laid flat on the top of it.

Then there was a housemaid's cleaning-box, a very different thing from the usual rather clumsy wooden box with its large handle. It was of tin, and made to be carried slung over the shoulder. Inside, it was very compact. Outside, it was very gay and brightly painted.

The same inventor had designed a modern version—a version for little houses and flats—of the clothes-line with pulleys. Instead of ropes it has four lines of strong cord; instead of pulleys, four rings and four hooks on the wall. The touch of real ingenuity in it that makes it so practical, is that you draw it across the kitchen from one wall and hang it up on the other, and the cords remain taut to the length you want without any trouble of fastening or knotting. When it is done with, you unhook it, and it will slip into any drawer. All these inventions cost very little, and they are all so obviously useful and so simple that you wonder why no one ever thought of them before.

The furniture had the same quality. First there was a bed-table—not a table to use in bed, but a piece of furniture which was both bed and table. It has this advantage, that while in the case of the sofa and the chair you have to take the bed-clothes off during the day, in this bed-table you make the bed in the ordinary way, and then convert it into a table, so that when it is converted back again it is ready made. On the other hand, it has, as a table, two disadvantages.

You can get your knees under it at the ends, but not at the sides; and it needs a table-cloth falling very low to hide the bed-springs. But these are small drawbacks in an ingenious piece of furniture.

A DÉBUTANTE AT TO-MORROW'S COURT

Miss Iris Franks, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Franks, who is to be presented to their Majesties to-morrow (June 25)

There was a bed-table in the ordinary sense; but that was only one of a number of things which it was. It started by being a circular table for four. It divided into two halves, each for two. In the straight side of each of these halves was a circular flap which let down, so that one person could sit at it fitting into this gap and taking up very little room; or this half table could be drawn close round anyone who was sitting in an armchair. With additional sections, the table could be expanded to any length. Finally, all its legs were detachable, and a shorter set could be substituted. In this dwarf form each half made a bed-table. Certainly the most ingenious table since the one in the fairy-tale, which, at a word, spread itself with a cloth and laid out a dinner ready cooked.

Then there was a clever piece of combination-furniture—a low, square table with a reversible top, so that it was writing-table on one side and card-table on another. But the best part of it was when the top was taken off, and one found that the rest was a large and most comfortable workbag which could be closed and carried about.

Finally, there was one of the most elaborate pieces of combination-furniture that I have seen—elaborate, but very carefully and practically thought out. It was, in fact, everything that a bed-sitting room would want except chair and bed. On one side it was a hanging wardrobe and drawers, but instead of drawers there were six lockers, one of which let down a mirror, and another opened into a dressing-table. On the other side it had a washhand stand with a lid, so that when not in use it formed a table; a writing-desk, which drew out from under the washhand stand; two or three shelves, a cupboard, a medicine-chest, and a book-case. As will be seen, it stood out from the wall, and the end was a full-length mirror. It stood out less than five feet, but in many rooms that might be a disadvantage. One would like to see it also as two separate pieces of furniture, each standing against the wall.

This very clever piece of furniture was the invention of an invalid. It was made to meet her own needs. That, no doubt, is why it is not only ingenious but very practical. And that is what one felt also about the other things I have mentioned. Much that one sees at exhibitions of labour-saving devices and other ingenuities has the unreal cleverness of conjuring tricks. But these things, one felt, were not only clever in the showroom, but would be practical in the home.

Dewar's

THE CLANSMAN.

THE SPIRIT INCOMPARABLE

True to the last echo of friendship, ready to guard and to give. Fine as the health of the Highlands; strong and generous too. For such is the worth of a Clansman and . . . . .

DEWAR'S

BUILT FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT

The Need for Arch Preserver Shoes

¶ THE FEET OF THE SOLDIER MUST BE FIT: THE FEET OF THE CIVILIAN ARE NO LESS IMPORTANT.

In the Army, as everyone knows, particular attention is paid to the health and well-being of the feet, for on them the efficiency of the fighting man so largely depends. In ordinary life, too, no individual who values his general health, happiness and prosperity can afford to neglect the health of his feet: yet this is an age of foot troubles in all walks of life.

¶ A STRIKING REVELATION OF THE PREVALENCE OF FOOT TROUBLE.

Writing in the *Medical World*, an eminent doctor records that of 8000 consecutive recruits classified during 1916-17 he found no less than 23.8 per cent. suffering from defective feet. At this rate nearly 1,250,000 of the 5,000,000 men who served in the Army must have had foot trouble of some description—and these were all men in the prime of life. The population which remained civilian, men, women and children, were obviously in no better case. Foot troubles were generally endured because it was thought that they could not be cured—or prevented.

¶ A PLAIN STATEMENT OF THE CAUSE OF FOOT TROUBLES—ILL-FITTING SHOES.

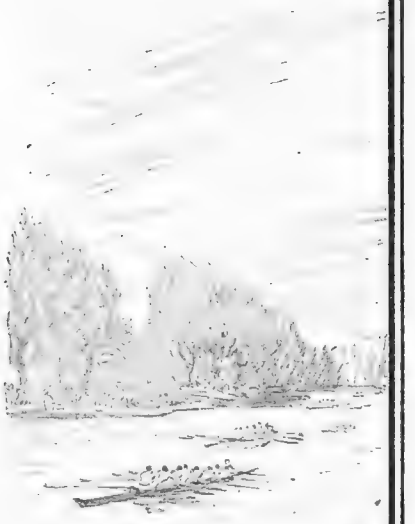
The writer of the article has been at pains to discover why defective feet are so common, and of the main causes he mentions first "ill-fitting shoes in early life and during adolescence." Exactly. For far too long people have been endeavouring to adapt their feet to shoes not designed to fit them. Health and comfort cannot lie that way.

¶ ILL-FITTING SHOES CAME WITH THE HEEL—THEY GO WITH THE ADOPTION OF THE SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE.

When the heel was introduced the outside arch of the foot was raised from its natural position and left without proper support. Through generations the arch has sagged and sagged, growing weaker and weaker. It was left to the designer of the Selberite Arch Preserver Shoe to provide a properly built-in metal bridge which sustains the outside arch and gives a natural tread to the foot at no sacrifice of shapeliness. There is support where support is needed, freedom where freedom is required.

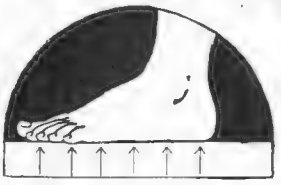
"*Your Health and The Selberite Arch Preserver Shoe*"

is a small booklet which describes the Selberite method of supporting the arch, and, in addition, explains their special system for ensuring a perfectly comfortable fit—the famous "heel-to-ball" system. It will interest you, and is sent post free on request to the Arch Preserver Shoe Ltd., 6 George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.



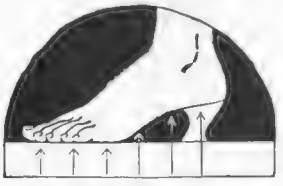
Feet in splendid trim now—they never require a thought—and they will be the same forty years hence, thanks to Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes.

¶ FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN



NATURE intended the weight of your body to be sustained by the heel, the OUTSIDE ARCH, and the ball of the foot—all resting on the ground.

IN an ordinary shoe the raised heel thrusts your weight forward on to the OUTSIDE ARCH which hasn't sufficient support to stand the strain.



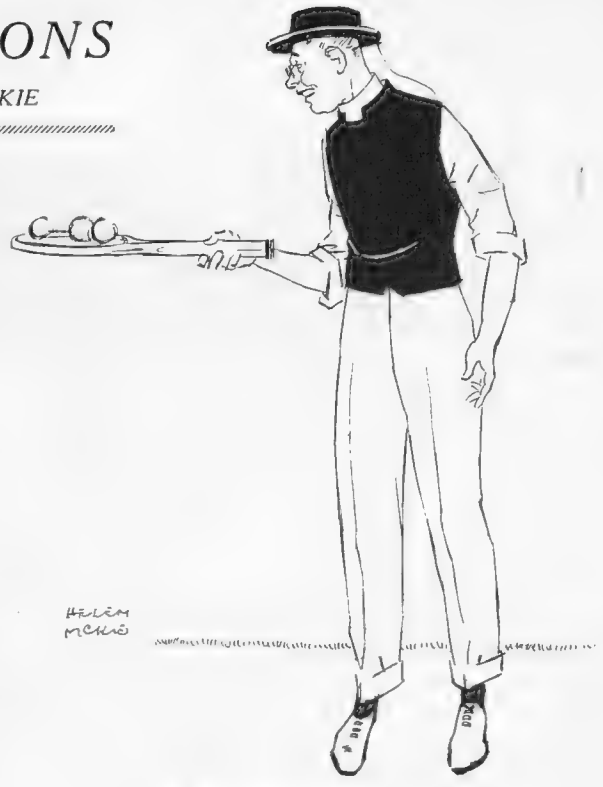
THE SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE, with its built-in bridge, sustains the OUTSIDE ARCH and the weight of your body is still supported in the natural way.

SELBERITE
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOES

This symbol, exhibited in a shop window, indicates an authorized service agent for Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes.
(Good retailers, please note: a few exclusive agencies still remain to be arranged.)

THOSE WIMBLEDON LIONS

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*



"This once despised pastime of curates"

LONDON, *June* 22

DEAR COUSIN—

AM always rather reminded, aren't you, of the ancient days of Rome when I go to our great and immortal Wimbledon that starts to-day as ever is? And sitting on one of those uncomfy, but so-sought-after seats among the 15,000 or so spectators, packed like eager and attentive sardines row on row and tier upon tier, can't help rather comparing those old-time "games" with the ones we watch.

KIND-HEARTEDER we are *sans doute*, seeing that we no longer fix up the arena, do we, as a sort of mutual rendezvous for Christians and lions? But at Wimbledon there are lions, including Suzanne and Elizabeth Ryan, and Kitty McKane, and Mr. Borotra, and Mr. Lacoste, and Mr. Anderson, and quite a lot of others who can not only roar, but do a quite fairly efficient bit of biting.

RATHER wonderful show, Wimbledon is, you know, some ways. No other in the world, for one thing, not that *I* know of, that people'd go to every blessed, blooming, blinking day for a whole perishing fortnight. Never more than three days at Lord's at the most, is there, even for Eton and Harrow or the 'Varsity Match? And even Henley can't be stretched out to more than four or five, even if you turn up right at the start for the most prelim. heats and stay on to the very bitter end.

BUT then, you know, dear cousin, this game of lawn tennis—this once despised pastime of curates and other otiose and inefficient persons who for the moment were rather weary of croquet—has, somehow, hasn't it, positively eaten its way into all our hearts, and even, in fact (whisper it low) really rather ousted cricket from its old place as a truly and genuinely popular idol. Which aforesaid cricket remains, of course, still our own traditional game—and *grace à Dieu* we don't lightly let our traditions drop—but now somebody's found something everybody can play more or less badly (mostly more). . . . Well, cricket's got a nice little sort of niche of its own, like racing, but it's not for a moment, and never could be, everybody's game, like l.t.

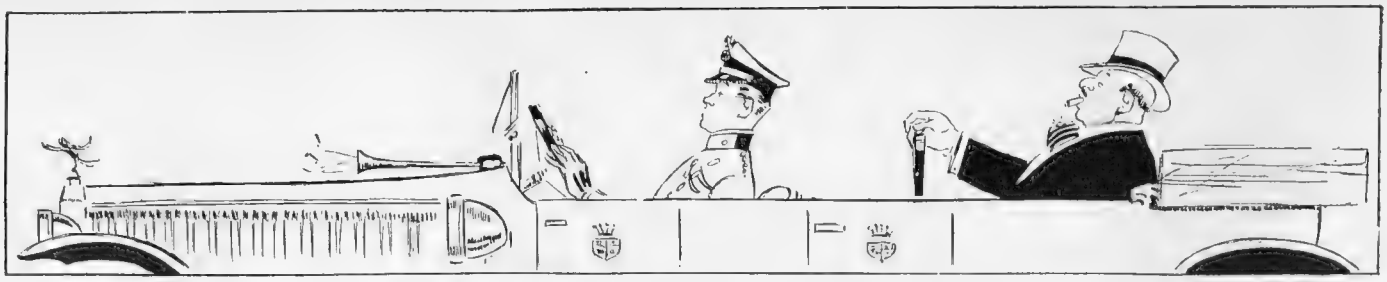
THOUGH, of course, there's others come to Wimbledon, too, nowadays—the kind of "fans" that roll up in their thousands and tens of thousands to Soccer matches (never having played any sort of game themselves in their whole natural life), and criticise furiously and fiercely everything that's going on. Sort of people, I mean, who applaud a double fault when they want the other man to win, or cheer deafeningly if he (or she) of their particular fancy scores by a net-cord stroke.

RATHER a sad affair, is not it? But I suppose lawn tennis was bound to be just a bit vulgarised when everyone, so to speak, "took it up," and they even started shamelessly profiteering in seats to see the show. And, anyway, there's quite enough real sportsmen (and women) in a Wimbledon crowd, methinks, to shush the offenders down and make them wish they'd never been born. And still, always, there's that wonderful Centre Court thrill, when the great gladiators of the moment meet in mortal combat and you can positively see their brains as well as their rackets fighting hard against each other. There's nothing really like it, is there, in any other game that's been invented yet?

NOT even at that other delightful affair of the moment, the Horse Show at Olympia—what a week, dear cousin! Where in that flower-decked arena we shall see once more the uniforms of many nations—the smart Italian grey, the blues and blacks and reds of France, and all the rest. And hold our breath as the lovely gees gallantly swoop over those oh-so-brittle fences, that drop to bits at the least touch. And even possibly, perhaps, *we* might collect at least one of the big cups again, as we actually did last year.

"Gay uniforms at the Horse Show"

RATHER striking (*and* welcome), by the way, what specially nice crowds horsey affairs do seem to draw—have you noticed? Like at the Richmond Show the other day, for instance, when well-nigh everyone there looked absolutely *right*, and the Newly Arrived were pleasantly conspicuous by their absence. I suppose it's only cars



"You can get so *much* more glittering display of gold into cars"

that interest *them*—and, after all, you can get so *much* more glittering display of gold into cars than horses, can't you?

BUT how one's going to keep pace with *all* the wonderful things that are happening this week I really don't know! Midsummer Day on Wednesday, and truly seems we're right at the very apex or zenith or boiling point of this seething Season. World's record circus, among other things, starting at Wembley to-day, and the Prince has a birthday to-morrow, though, of course, an absent one (who'd ever believe he's actually thirty-one?), and there's at least fifteen big private dances besides all the Commem. ones at Oxford, and a Geranium Ball for the blind on Thursday at the Ritz. And we're to have a golf championship at Prestwick and an R.A.F. Pageant at Hendon.

AND last, but certainly not least, Thursday's the day of the great all-star wireless concert that the *Daily Graphic* are giving for the Infants Hospital in Westminster—you know, that delightful, cool, clean, corner building in Vincent Square with all the sweet della Robbia plaques of *bambini* on the walls. Both the famous Coopers are to be in it—Gladys and Lady Diana—also José Collins (who's just going on the "halls"), and Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. Leslie Henson, not to mention George Grossmith and Joseph Coyne, in those celebrated melodies of *No No Nanette*, about tea for two and wanting to be happy (but not unless you're happy too-oo). Gladys Cooper's to do the captivating "Shadow scene" from Peter Pan, with little Hilda Trevelyan in her original part of Wendy. The first time, I believe, that anything written by Sir James Barrie has ever been broadcast, this fey child from Kirriemuir having had, hitherto, an unsurmountable objection to headphones and wavelengths and things. So we'll all be listening-in that night—and, I trust, sending suitable cheques next post to pay for our stalls, so to speak.

DISTINCTLY soothing, methinks, these high-pressure days, to slip off now and then smoothly and swiftly riverwards along that broad, shiny road that seems to land you in next to no time by the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond. . . . I mean Maidenhead. Where there's a perfectly good home for little children, as the hymn says—tired town ones—on the seductive and more or less secluded lawns of Murray's Club, hard by the celebrated bridge—which I should think must be about the most leant-over one in the whole realms of the U.K., not to say the Universe.

"Murray's at Maidenhead"

DON'T know who Mr. Murray was or is, but must say I don't think it'd be at all a bad idea if someone put up a statue to him right now for saving your Blanchette's life, among, doubtless, many others. Life-saving methods including (1) Cocktails in cool basket chair on aforesaid lawn. *Item* (as W. Shakespeare would have put it), melony, salmony, icy dinner on balcony with faint strains of band on one side, and soft swish of punts on the other to soothe the previously somewhat savage breast. Likewise, if feeling subsequently sufficiently strong, a dance perchance, or clock golf with bunkers (a rare variety), or even, as happed the other night, a show of Péron gowns to pass the idle hours till the Daimler purred up again to flick one home.

LATEST river mode, by the way, would appear to be to parade in punt complete with bathing suit—and they seem to have invented some rather wonderful dazzle ones lately, even for men—shot silk in purple and green, and all that sort of thing. Clothes in other words, undoubtedly the thing. Especially in some of the new plays, where, according to some of the moderns it's really rather inartistic to let anything happen. It all depends on the point of view. Which again depends mostly, I suppose, on how you choose your parents — a matter that, says one of our doctors, we ought to be particularly careful about.

THANK Heaven, anyway, I didn't happen to choose mine in the period of the pleiosaurus and brontosaurus and all those horrible creatures that I've just been seeing in a most wonderful Conan Doyle film at the New Gallery Kinema called *The Lost World*. The way that old bront. pushed over the motor-buses and cabs in the City made me feel really and truly glad that I'm thoroughly post-historic . . . or anyway not "pre."

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

MUST BE NEARLY 3 O'CLOCK!

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Photo by Yevonac

How the clock does tick and the mind does race from one silly thing to another. All the new smooth places in the bed used up and as hot as oven-plates, and half the bed-clothes on the carpet. Can't get to sleep—simply can't—simply can't. Well, the next time you're like this don't thump the pillow any more but follow this wise example. Just a dash of ENO's "Fruit Salt" in half a tumbler of water. It's very cool, very clear, and oh! how wet and welcome! It takes the fever and the fret out of your system and gives you a fresh start. Try again now and you'll succeed.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

It is a matter for congratulation that with but few exceptions the War histories of the various regiments can now be published at such moderate prices. A lordly volume which would normally cost anything up to forty shillings is to be purchased as likely as not for an eighth of that sum. On my table, for instance, lies *The History of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry in the Great War* (Medici Society: 5*s.* net), edited by Major W. de B. Wood. You would imagine that it must cost a guinea at least, for it is splendidly printed, and has no dearth of maps; yet only a crown is asked, and I imagine that not a lad nor a lady of Shropshire but will wish to possess a copy of so stirring a book.

❋

The production of such a volume can be no easy matter. Material is there, but probably in too great an abundance, and the task of selection must be heavy. Stories of this or that operation must overlap, and the private diaries of officers do not, for fairly obvious reasons, always agree with one another. And then there is the question of technicalities. Is the book to be a plain tale of glorious deeds, or a text-book for the Staffs of the future? Major Wood has steered a middle course. The story of each battalion is given as concisely as possible, work at the depot and in the hospitals at home has not been ignored, and the appendices are as full as they very well could be.

❋

Mr. T. S. Stribling, the writer of that excellent story *Fombombo*, is nothing if not courageous, and in *Birthright* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), the first book, we are told, of a trilogy, he boldly faces the difficult problem of "colour." He is not, of course, the first man to do so; he is not even the first writer to do so without apparent prejudice; but it may be doubted whether any of his predecessors has drawn so finely dramatic and poignant a picture of the educated negro's position in the Southern States.

In this country the problem hardly arises. In the Northern States of America it is there all the time, but hardly to an acute degree. In the South, however, it is never forgotten—even for five minutes. And Mr. Stribling shows us the return to one of these Southern States of a young and brilliant man of colour after four successful years at Harvard. He dreams of helping his race, and comes home full of enthusiasm, a white man in habits and thought, and yet—a nigger.

❋

You discover soon enough that Peter Siner is a very good fellow, well deserving of success, but he is misunderstood by everybody, even by his own mother. One disillusionment follows another. He cannot even enjoy the one big romance which is every man's right, without some subtle degradation. True, there is one white man who understands and helps—we begin early to suspect who he is—but even this Captain Renfrew will not take his meals with the unfortunate Peter. The book is a real work of art, and you must not be put off by the fact that Peter's story is not yet finished. *Birthright* can stand very well by itself—a fine piece of work, very beautifully written.

❋

The criminal of fiction and the criminal of fact are not always recognisable as the same person. Most of the crime-stories depend for their success on some element of the mysterious. The reader demands "something to guess." A murder about which there is no doubt at all hardly appeals to him. And yet the real criminal, as the police-court magistrate or the Scotland Yard detective knows him, is a most interesting, if tragic, figure, and drama of sorts is rarely absent from his uncomfortable life. It is of this kind of man, as opposed to his brother of detective romance, that you may read in the nine most unconventional sketches which go to make up Mr. W. B. Maxwell's new book, *Children of the Night* (Butterworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net).

❋

At the outset it is necessary to say that these sketches, thrillingly dramatic though most of them are, are no magazine stories collected together after a previous scattered appearance. They would never have suited the requirements of the ordinary magazines; they are far too stark and unsentimental. Yet they tell what you instinctively feel to be *real* stories. They do not end with the reclamation of the man who fell almost accidentally into crime, or with a happy lifting of some obstinate cloud at a convenient if unexpected moment; but they do show you how the criminal mind works, and how the "villain" of real life is the oddest mixture of contradictory qualities (like everybody else), and what are the "laws" which govern that nebulous region which the cinema has taught us to call the underworld. Mr. Maxwell has many good stories to his credit: I am inclined to think that these sketches constitute his high-water mark. They are certainly mightily good to read.

❋

Let me recommend to you a dose or two of Mr. Gilbert Collins's most amiable prescription, *Extreme Oriental Mixture* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). Here in a score of amusing and informative sketches you are given vignettes of Chinese life such as are not often to be found in books written by Englishmen. Mr. Collins plays guide to all sorts of unexpected places. He has an eye for the picturesque, and a *flair* for anecdotes which are new. He has poked an inquisitive nose into many odd corners, and writes about them

Continued on page 1039

"MILLICENT SUTHERLAND"

Lady Millicent Hawes, widow of the fourth Duke of Sutherland, who, under the *nom de plume* of Millicent Sutherland, has written a book of five tales, "That Fool of a Woman," which Messrs. Putnam have just published

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✵

HAVE you seen *The Week End Book* (Nonsuch Press: 6*s.* net)? You may now buy a second and enlarged edition. It is really a gem of a book, to be read and re-read, for it contains everything you could possibly want in the way of mental refreshment: an anthology of poems, Great, Hate, and State—don't miss the gorgeous "poem" which was sold in the streets on the occasion of King Edward VII's death—a collection of epigrams, a selection of games and puzzles and problems, and a medical dictionary in miniature. It is, indeed, the ideal companion for the week-end—particularly if it rains, and you feel like composing a Hate poem of your own. (For the preservation of which, by the way, there are convenient blank pages at the end.)

✵

FOR light reading of the most amiable kind, I commend Mr. Peter Blundell's new novel to your notice. *The Little Brown Baby* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a really amusing farce. The scene is a tropical island in the neighbourhood of Singapore, and, as you probably know, on an island of this sort, there is always one family, outside Government House, which, in its own estimation at any rate, is more important than any other. But Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone Mortimer really go too far, and they are ludicrously, but suitably, punished by the Japanese wife of the local doctor. The farce is carried on, crescendo, to its ingenious climax, and you feel that once again Mr. Blundell has scored. It is all the jolliest fun.

A CIRCUS LADY *L. N. A.*

Miss Poppy Ginnett, complete with horse and hounds, at Colnbrook, where a rehearsal for the Grand Circus in the Wembley Stadium took place last week

THE Old Man in the Corner who, as I dare say you remember, used to busy himself with a piece of string, the while he was explaining (in a tea-shop) to Baroness Orczy just how the police and the public had come to hold a quite inaccurate view of some recent mysterious crime, has been found once again in his old haunts. He is still fond of talking, didactically, it is true, but most entertainingly, over his frugal meals, and Baroness Orczy's many readers will be grateful to her for writing down in *Unravelled Knots* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) so many intriguing and curious yarns. The new batch of stories are not all equally unexpected or thrilling, but they are very pleasantly told. R. S.

The Medical Who's Who

All medical men—or rather, all those who figure in the Medical Register—are (officially) modest and retiring. Any publicity in the Press is anathema to them, and the primrose by the river's brim is even as a Yankee publicity agent by comparison. However, there is a limit to all things, so the officially recognised *The Medical Who's Who*, 1925 (Grafton Publishing Co., Ltd., 30*s.*), which last appeared in 1918, has again come into being. This dignified but valuable tome contains complete details of many medical men and women and their work. However, to quote this impeccable authority, "this work includes no name which for any reason does not appear in the Medical Register."

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Pygmalions

BUSINESS PROPOSITIONS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN the complicated business world of to-day, hints and suggestions which were vaguely whispered—and whispered with a faint deprecation—in the days of the smug platitudinarians of the Victorian epoch have become axioms of conduct and business proposition.

In all the interesting and important domains of life—from business to love—the outlook has changed, the values have been altered and readjusted. And in many cases standards are amazingly higher.

We eat better food, in better restaurants. Light and cleanliness are no longer luxuries, but necessities. We dress better, and to be well-dressed is regarded not as a mere luxury, but as a tribute to one's self-respect, and as a business proposition.

The sloppily-attired lover is no longer the mode; food stains no longer decorate the waistcoats of great novelists; captains of industry have ceased to adopt broadcloth as an ensign of industry. Your Red Labour orator of to-day dresses better than did Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury. "Dress, indeed," once observed that amorous *viveur* Boswell, "has more effect on strong minds than one would suppose, without having the experience of it."

And the study of dress has become at once an art and a science.

As to men's dress of to-day, there are three essentials—materials, design, and cut.

The House of Pope & Bradley from its inception decided, as a business proposition, to deal only with the finest materials procurable, not only from an artistic desire but as the purest economy. The best material represents the truest economy, both in appearance and wear; the botchers of shoddy cloth are the most shameless of profiteers.

The best tribute to the designs of this House is that they are immediately appropriated—at a distance—by rival firms.

The best cutters from an astonishingly small class of skilled workers: they are hard to procure, and earn—and deserve—high remuneration. The cutters of this House are the finest of their class.

It is wiser, if a little tiresome, to enunciate business propositions at decent intervals. Hence this essay.

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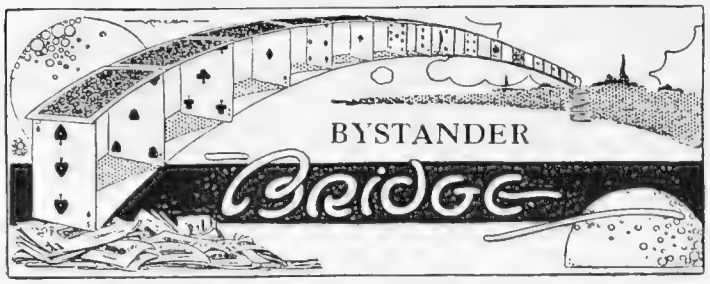


By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

AUCTION BRIDGE PSYCHOLOGY

Psychology is a word that has been rather overworked of late. We read of the psychology of jockeys, of golf, lawn tennis, and cricket players, and so forth. Recently I have been reading an article in an American magazine on "Auction Bridge Psychology." Now it is undoubtedly true that psychology does play an enormous part in successful Bridge, but it is rather hard to define and explain it. The mental processes of the card player are based upon many factors, and they must work very swiftly. Boiled down, I should say roughly that Bridge psychology mainly consists in out-guessing the other fellow, in doing the unexpected at an unexpected moment.

. . . . . .

With many people the bidding and play is almost entirely mechanical. They have certain rules and systems to which they adhere rigidly, and they resent any departure from them by their partners or opponents. But your true psychologist is an opportunist. He knows when to break rules and take chances. You may play many rubbers without an opportunity of applying psychology. Of course, it does not follow that the psychologist is always right. He may misjudge his moment or his men, and he may get very badly bitten. But when he is correct he brings off a brilliant coup which astonishes and often aggravates other people.

. . . . . .

Here is an example of what the American writer considers "psychology," which seems to be in this instance merely another name for bluff bidding:

	S—10, 7, 4. H—K, 9, 3. D—Q, J, 8, 2. C—9, 8, 5.	
S—A, K, Q, 8, 6, 2. H—A. D—6, 3. C—A, 10, 4, 2.	Y A B Z	S—J, 9, 5, 3. H—4. D—10, 7, 5. C—K, Q, J, 7, 6.
	S—None. H—Q, J, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 2. D—A, K, 9, 4. C—3.	

"Score: Game all. Z dealt and bid "One Diamond"; A "One Spade"; Y and B passed, and Z was in a position where most players would have bid two or more Hearts. Z, however, was a player of the highest quality, and realised that from the make up of his own hand, and the fact that his partner could not help his Diamond bid, that A and B undoubtedly had a game hand in Spades, and that if he bid Hearts at once, he would be overbid and have no chance for game.

. . . . . .

"For these reasons he decided to try a little psychology and mystify and confuse his opponents so that he might effect a coup. He therefore bid "Four Clubs" which A promptly doubled. Y bid "Four Diamonds"; B "Four Spades." Z now had the chance he had planned for, and bid "Five Hearts," which A promptly doubled, thinking that Z was trying desperately to seize upon a bid to save the game and rubber. Y by this time realised that Z was up to something, so he passed, as did B. It is evident that Z can make five Hearts against any defence, losing one Heart and one Club trick.

. . . . . .

"It is also evident that A and B can make five in Spades against any defence, so that Z's psychology was most effective. He had outguessed the other fellows and was rewarded by a game and rubber not otherwise possible. If Z had bid his hand in the usual way, that is, either an original preemptive bid of four Hearts or by first bidding Dianonds, and then the Hearts on the second round, A and B would certainly have bid "Five Spades," and Z and Y would have been forced either to bid six Hearts and take a penalty to save the rubber, or perhaps double the five Spades and therefore lose the rubber. It was very effective and deceptive bidding by Z, and a fine illustration of Auction Bridge psychology."

. . . . . .

Now this, of course, is all very well as an example of a coup which came off. But I think that if A and B had been a little sharper the bluff would not have succeeded. Z may have known his opponents exceedingly well, and have felt sure of "putting it across" them. But against good English players I venture to say that one of two things would have happened. Z would have been left in with his bid of "four Clubs" undoubled, or if doubled and Z had called his "five Hearts," A, B would have "smelt a rat" and bid "five Spades."

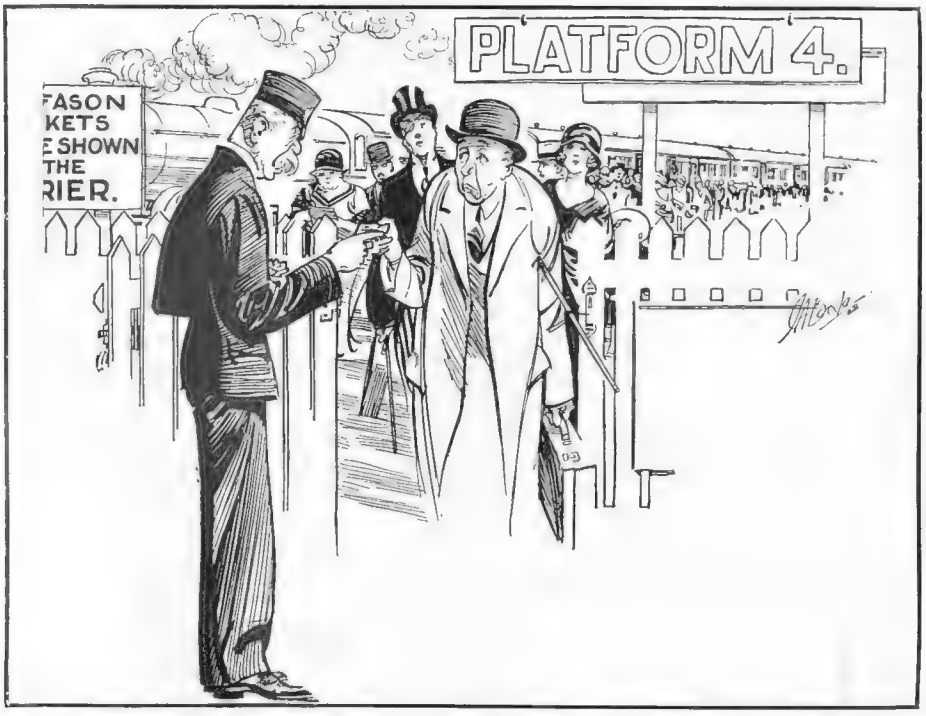
It is easy to argue after the event, and when you see all four hands. But the question is—was Z really clever, and did he not take a huge risk in his second bid of being left with it?

From my observation of English Bridge, while an occasional bluff may come off even against good players, the habitual bluffer gets caught more often than he succeeds and his partners hate him for ever more.

. . . . . .

True Auction Bridge psychology is not merely a matter of bluff. It involves a study of the workings of the minds of partners and opponents alike. And this is part of the charm of the game. The tilting of one wit against another during bidding, the interplay of two imaginations or the struggle of one insight with another are sheer delight. A player who has by deduction "placed" the cards correctly experiences keen enjoyment.

That is why Auction Bridge with its innumerable combinations and chances of using all one's faculties is the greatest of all card games so far invented.



THE SHOW UP

By J. A. Beale

Collector: "This 'ere season expired yesterday!"
Passenger: "That's when I got on the train!"

"BP" Persian Series, No. 10

From an original drawing by CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

A Persian Wedding

From time immemorial the wedding procession has been a quaint and picturesque event in the social life of the Persians. Here we see such a ceremony in progress. The date of the wedding is always fixed by an astrologer. "In the afternoon," wrote Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G., one of the most eminent authorities on Persian lore, "the wedding gifts of furniture, clothes and cooking utensils are carried to the bridegroom's house on gaily caparisoned mules and on trays. After dark, the male relations and friends of the bridegroom, followed at a short distance by his female relations, proceed to the house of the bride, accompanied by musicians and men bearing lamps and torches." These lamps and torches are a link between the modern Persia and the old.

For to-day much of the prosperity and activity of this ancient Empire rests largely on the establishment of the latest industry of the West within its shores.

When the world's quest for oil began, a quarter of a century ago, a patriotic Englishman, William Knox D'Arcy, foresaw the Empire's pressing need for its own supplies, and after years of pioneer endeavour in Persia, when the venture seemed doomed to failure, these were discovered in abundance.

And thus there came into existence the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, that great all-British enterprise which, with its extensive organisation, refineries and ships, provides the British motorist with unlimited supplies of "BP," the British Petrol.

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CAMERA NOTES

THE EXPOSURE DIFFICULTY.

By T. L. J. BENTLEY

IN photography especially, it is the first step that counts—a photograph is made or marred in the exposure.

What is Correct Exposure?

THE novice in photography who realises the importance of correct exposure, and endeavours to get a clear understanding of the several factors which are concerned in determining it, has gone a long way towards ensuring consistent success in his results. The failure of the majority of snapshotters to take even this interest in their photographic tools has its result in the enormous wastage of amateurs' supplies that occurs every season.

What is a correctly exposed negative?

It is one which records detail and tone in every portion of the object portrayed; in which no part of the image—or only the very smallest—is represented as clear film, and in which, on the other hand, the lightest parts are not markedly denser than the clean, non-exposed edges of the negative.

Factors in the Problem

EVEN for the practised expert the judgment of the correct exposure is often a matter of guess-work, and it is inevitable that without some guidance the novice should feel quite at sea. It is not merely the number of factors to be taken into account that causes the difficulty, but rather that some of these factors are very deceptive and elusive.

To produce a photograph, a certain amount of light must be allowed to act upon the sensitive film, and any condition which influences the intensity of the light passing through the lens or governs its effect upon the film, must obviously play a part in determining the exposure required.

Two factors, the aperture at which the lens is used and the "speed" of the film, are evaluated fairly definitely by their makers for the benefit of the user, who can thus readily make allowance for them. But the two remaining factors, the character of the subject and the power and quality of the light, present infinitely more difficulty.

The Way Out

EVEN so, the inexperienced photographer who is prepared to equip himself with an exposure meter, and to make himself familiar with its use, can count on speedily mastering the exposure difficulty.

There are only two keys to the problem of correct exposure—costly experience and the exposure meter. Of these the latter is not merely much the more certain, but infinitely cheaper and quicker. An exposure meter may be bought for a shilling or so, and may easily save its cost, by preventing waste of film, in the first day of use.

Beyond pointing out that there are exposure meters which measure the value of the light by the rate of darkening of a sensitive paper, exposure calculators in which the light value is given by reference to tables of times and weather conditions, and still others in which the light is measured visually, it is unnecessary to dwell upon the choice of the meter. Whether it be a Watkins Bee meter, an Imperial exposure meter, or a Wellcome exposure calculator, etc., it matters little. What is important is to get an exposure meter of some sort, learn its use and, when in doubt, err on the side of liberal exposure. That way lies the solution of the exposure problem. . . . T.L.J.B.

A Vest Pocket Camera

THE handy little folding camera that can go comfortably in the pocket is becoming more and more a necessity for the traveller or holiday-maker. An excellent make is the well-known Piccolette, which weighs only 9 oz., and measures 4¼ by 2½ by 1 in. Simplicity is the keynote. There are no adjustments to be made, for when extended the lens is always in focus. For very near subjects, such as a "close-up" portrait, little supplementary "magnifiers" to clip on the lens are supplied at a very low cost.

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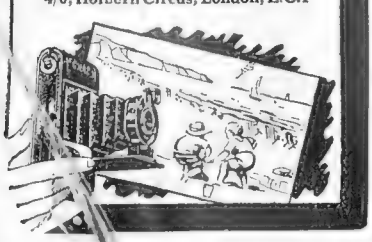

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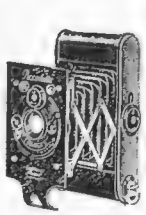

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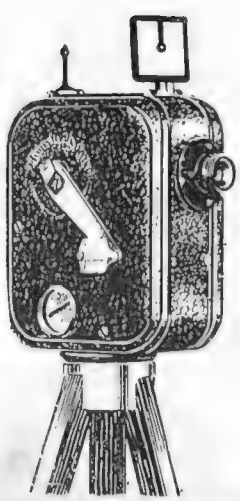

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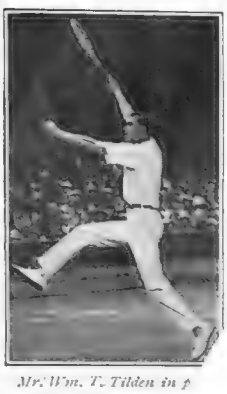

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UNNATURAL MATING

THE ONE-DAY SHOW

By "THE KENNELMAN"

OUR Kennel Club is doubly, trebly right, as I see it, in refusing to recognise or classify as Dogs the hybrid offspring of such undesirable mésalliances as crosses between wolves or foxes and Dogs. Mr. F. Leoncini of La Turbie claims to have bred a brother and sister from Dog and fox parents, and to have reared three pups begat by this brother and sister. Well, maybe the achievement has academic interest of a rather morbid sort; but from the point of view of the breeder and lover of Dogs it, like the wolf-Alsatian crosses, is far more mischievous than interesting; an experiment of the kind that can produce damaging results over a long period and a wide field. Dogs have no more to gain from such unnatural matings than Nordic humans would have from matings with Dyaks, African Bushmen, or Tierra del Fuegans—perhaps less.

Discussion is going on regarding the relative merits of one-day Shows and those of longer duration. The exhibitor likes being able to take his Dogs home at the end of one day; but it's undeniable that at big one-day Shows the judges are badly rushed in work demanding deliberation, while the necessary duties and tasks of the exhibitor are numerous enough to debar him from gossip with visitors, including preliminaries to sales, etc., and that the general public stand a poorer chance of studying Dogs than in a two-day exhibition. The two-day Show would be more acceptable to exhibitors if they could be allowed to remove their Dogs at the end of the first day (as is now the case with puppies) for return next morning.

Talk of Shows brings one up with a round turn to the fact that this 1925 season has so romped along that it's already reached the point at which full particulars become available (refer to Secretary, 84, Piccadilly) of the year's biggest doggy event: the Kennel Club's sixty-fourth annual Show.

The Kennel Club is now easily the biggest and most complete organization of its kind in the world, combining for British Dogdom most of the functions in another sphere of Whitehall, Somerset House, and the Law Courts; and the Dog-owner who ignores it, or omits the rudimentary obligation of registering his Dogs, is inviting future bothers and turning his back upon mines of uniquely interesting information.

The latest production of those practical publishers, The Popular Dogs Publishing Co., Ltd., is *The Popular Fox Terrier*, by the Rev. A. J. Skinner (with a foreword by that famous authority, Francis Redmond), should largely extend the circle of their supporters, and, too, the ranks of the Fox Terrier fanciers, for whom this comely little volume (liberally illustrated) forms a very complete guide.

Having regard to many recent comments upon the prominent part played by women in the great post-War development of British Dogs, it is interesting to recall that H.M. Queen Alexandra gave a very notable lead in this matter—as in so many other directions—by becoming an exhibitor *more than half a century ago*; and of the biggest breeds, too, including Borzois and Mastiffs. It certainly cannot be suggested that present-day public favour is being confined to any one or two divisions of the canine family. In the great Ranelagh Show, the tiny and ever more popular Pekingese did actually head the list in numbers, but entries here and elsewhere show as a close rival the Irish Wolfhound, probably the biggest variety ever bred, and one whose vogue grows daily.

23-60 VAUXHALL

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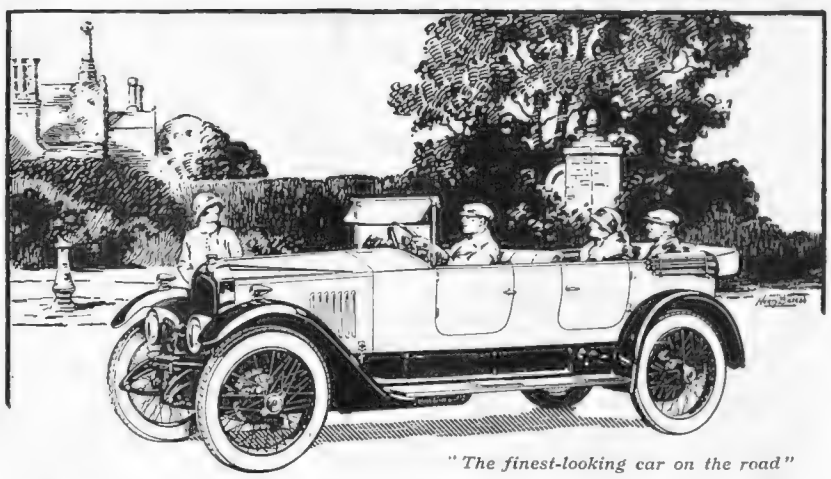

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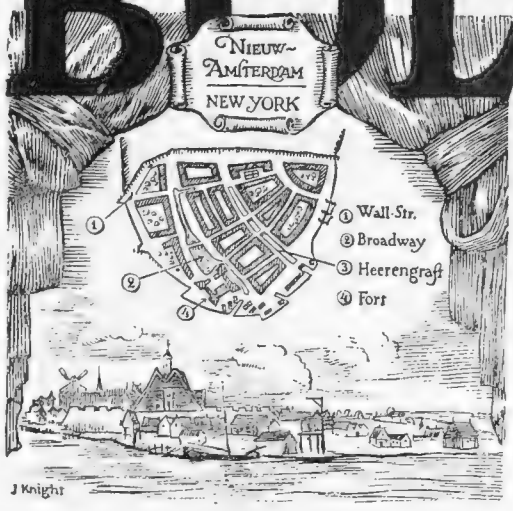

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MOTOR NOTES

IN a recent issue of THE BYSTANDER I gave some particulars of the most attractive standard launch models supplied by the Bergius Co., Ltd., 254, Dobbies Loan, Glasgow. It is interesting to note that all these models (in the neighbourhood of forty) are fitted with the Kelvin engine. In all except the very smallest sizes, the boats may be obtained with the Kelvin single sleeve valve engine. This power plant is particularly suitable for marine work in that there are no poppet valves to get out of order, no cams or plungers to wear, causing poor operation, and the whole engine is oil tight. The Kelvin single valve engine is built in six models, each in two types—one to consume light self-vaporizing oils—such as petrol, gasoline or benzine—the other to consume oils which require heat to vaporize them—such as paraffin, petroleum, kerosene, or any variety of illuminating oil, but not crude or unrefined oil. The engines are made with two or four cylinders, the former being rated at 7½ h.p., 15 h.p., and 30 h.p., while the latter are of 15 h.p., 30 h.p., and 60 h.p. The Kelvin launch in conjunction with the Kelvin single sleeve valve engine forms an excellent combination.

* * *

MANY motorists are the richer financially owing to their use of Sternol oil. This is quite independent of the improvement which they may note in the running of their cars. Every user of Sternol "W.W." is liable to be presented with a five-pound note at any moment. All he has to do is to look for the Sternol car and wait for the appearance of the red, white and blue flag. On seeing the flag he should give six toots on his horn, when he will be presented with a useful fiver if the various particulars are correct. As regards the performances of Sternol, I have before me the letter of a user who tried it on his 15 h.p. Fiat. He says that it has made a world of difference to the running of the car, and that many of his motoring friends have remarked on the smooth running of his engine.

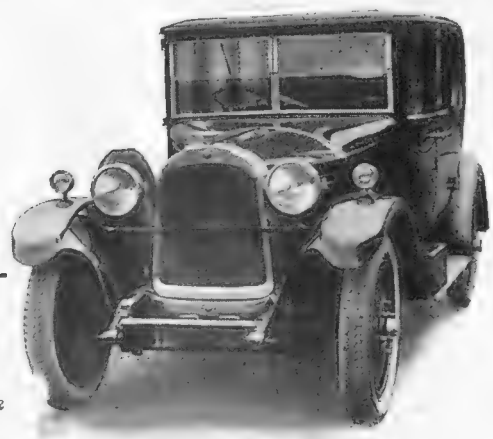
* * *

MY trusted 14 h.p. Bean is now approaching its 12,000th mile. In the whole of that distance I have done nothing to it beyond inserting petrol, oil and water at odd intervals. When I feel fearfully energetic I trot round it with a grease gun, but that is all the attention the poor thing gets. Nevertheless, it carries on blithely in any sort of weather, and over

(Continued on page 1046)

A COOL SCENE

A view of Mont d'Aiguille, near Grenoble, with a 40 50 Rolls-Royce touring car in the foreground. This photograph is one exhibited last week by Mr. Percy Northey, in an interesting collection shown at Spring Gardens Gallery



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Mr. GEORGE C. STEAD, "Sunday Times," May 24, 1925.

Standard Equipment for every touring car and chassis, except the Popular model, includes Electric Lighting Set and Starter, 5 Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Spare Wheel and 5 Michelin Tyres. Any type of coach-work supplied.

WARNING.

With every Fiat Car a full guarantee is issued by this company. Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased. The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.

The Apotheosis

of Fiat unrivalled experience and recognised as the finest example of advanced automobile design.

40 h.p. Six-Cylinder Model

CHASSIS

Front Wheel Brakes, Adjustable Steering, **£720** (TAX £27) Four speeds forward and Reverse.

Illustrated Art Brochure illustrating luxurious specimens of open and closed coachwork post free.

FIAT RANGE OF MODELS COMPRISE:
10/15 h.p., 15/20 h.p.,
20/30 h.p. (6 cylinder),
40 h.p. (6 cylinder).
Prices from **£280**

Registered Offices and Showrooms:
43-44, ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON, W.1.
Telephone:
Gerrard 7946 (4 lines).
Wires:
"Fiatism, Piccy, London."
Works:
WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX
FIAT (ENGLAND) LIMITED.

The Car of International Reputation

any sort of roads. I can start out at any hour of the day or night for any distance without the slightest qualms. The car is reliability itself. It certainly has not got a high maximum speed, but it shines on hills. It is an easy matter to maintain a most satisfactory average without using any other but top speed, and the engine will pull down to its last gasp. The body is one of the most comfortable I have experienced, while the weather protection is excellent.

* *
*

NEXT month there will be great activity in the North of England. Two important two-day trials are being organized by the leading clubs in the North, the one for motor-cycles on July 4 and 5, and the other for cars on July 10 and 11. These trials are open, free of entry fee, to all members of the clubs participating, and very valuable prizes are offered in each class. The chief clubs are the Lancashire and Manchester Automobile Clubs, and the whole of the prize fund, value £1,000, together with the expenses of organizing the trial, are being presented by the *Daily Dispatch*. Two courses are being employed, neither of any outstanding difficulty. Marks will be awarded for reliability, hill climbing, and petrol consumption.

I AM always pleased when I have an opportunity of piloting a "Lambda" Lancia. Its Treasury rating is 13.9 h.p., its catalogue horse-power is 14.60, and it can easily attain 70 m.p.h. In addition, it is one of the most unconventional cars built, it has a really amazing performance, it is easy to drive, and its price is most reasonable. My latest experience with a "Lambda" Lancia was on the saloon model, which is one of the best dual purpose cars I have struck. The saloon top is detachable, and the car can then be used as an ordinary tourer complete with hood and side curtains. The price of the dual purpose car is only £695, and at this figure it represents particularly good value. The "Lambda" has a subtle difference in its running from any other car on the road, this being due mainly to its construction and its performance.

* *
*

THERE is no separate chassis on the "Lambda" Lancia, the body and frame being combined. In this way no squeaks or rattles can develop however hard the car is driven, there can be no rocking of the body on the frame, and altogether the Lancia gives the impression of being one complete entity, instead of a mere assembly of parts. It is difficult to describe the running of a Lancia, as it is so uniformly good. The acceleration is excellent, the controls are easy, the comfort and protection provided are particularly good, while the brakes are among the best of the four-wheel type that I have tried. One feature indicating the pride that the manufacturer takes in his production is the fact that none but the best accessories are fitted. As an instance, I may mention that the famous Zeiss anti-dazzle headlamps are fitted, which provide a wonderful driving light, while at the same time their dazzle can be reduced to a minimum. The Lancia is built by a man who takes a pride in his work, and is worthy of the most serious and unbiased trial.

GEORGE C. STEAD

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

The new Alvis front wheel drive racing car, which is proving very successful in practice. The advantages claimed for it are greater adhesion to the road, stability under bad conditions, increased efficiency and low cost of production

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MILLION
MILES
HAVE NOW BEEN FLOWN
by the fleet of
IMPERIAL
AIRWAYS
whose petrol
requirements are
SUPPLIED EXCLUSIVELY BY
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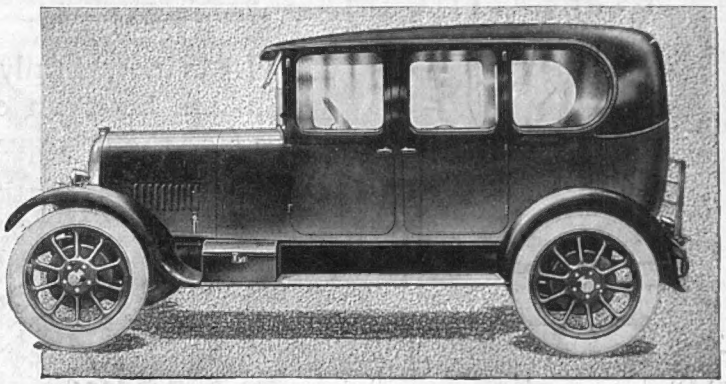

The Bean "Fourteen"
Saloon-de-Luxe

The Bean "Fourteen" Saloon de Luxe illustrated is but one of the famous Bean Cars suitable for Town or Touring, for business or pleasure—in every respect a Car of Distinction, yet obtainable at the moderate cost of £585. *Every* Bean Car is fitted with Dunlop Tyres and Four Wheel Brakes.

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"The Milestones Kno..."

Introducing

The NEW

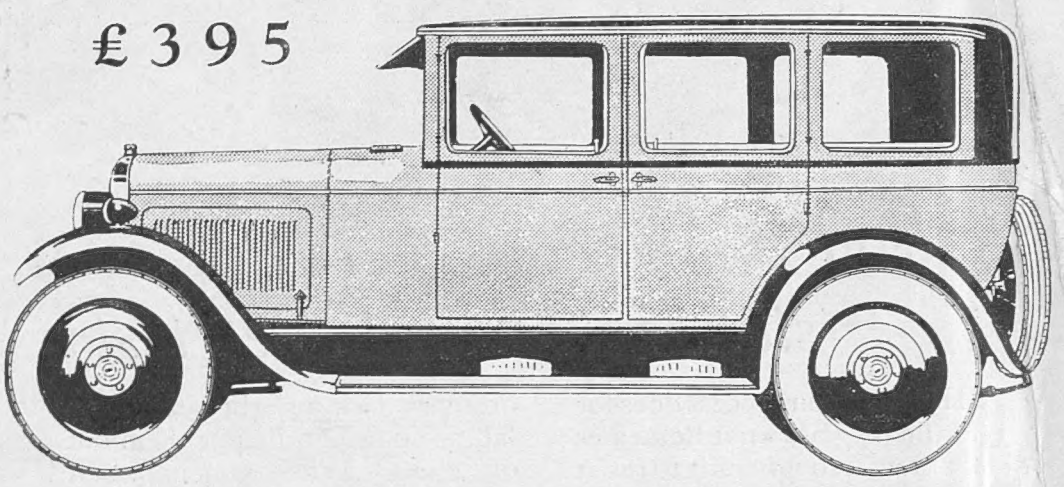
Overland

Four Doors . . . Long Low Lines Finished Smoke Blue and Grey . . .

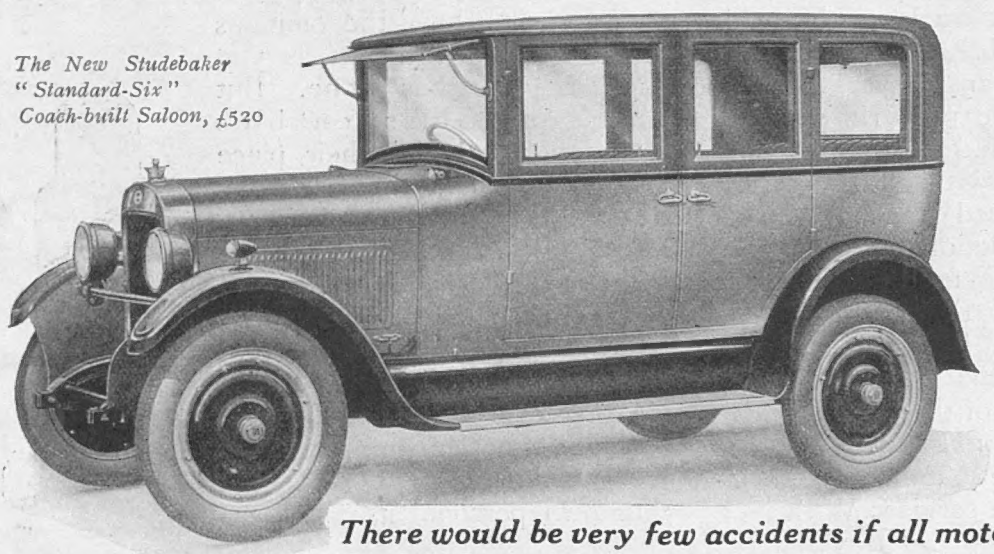
On looks alone the New Overland Six Cylinder Four Door Saloon De Luxe captured the imagination of those who saw it for the first time last Friday. But the New Overland is more than a beautiful car. Behind the nickelled radiator is a six cylinder engine with a performance of 2/55 m.p.h. on top gear, a smoothness and flexibility that the most exacting motorist must perforce admire. Demonstration models will be in the hands o agents as soon as possible; in the meantime, see the car at Overland House, 151/153 Great Portland Street, or send for Folder 'BY' with full specification of this really remarkable newcomer.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD.
Heaton Chapel - - - - - Manchester
151/153 Great Portland Street - - London, W.1

£395



The New Studebaker "Standard-Six" Coach-built Saloon, £520



There would be very few accidents if all motorists drove the Studebaker with its wonderful hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.

They bring the speed of the car down from maximum to a standstill in an incredibly short distance, without the slightest sign of skidding or shaking the chassis from stem to stern. Their operation by the driver is almost effortless, only sufficient pressure of the foot to close a valve being required to gain the maximum braking effect.

You cannot lock the front wheels of a Studebaker nor do the front wheel brakes ever require adjusting.

In addition to high braking efficiency the Studebaker chassis possesses many other qualities of exceptional merit. A vibrationless, scientifically balanced six-cylinder engine. A simple and easy gear change. Finger-light steering. Light clutch operation. 5 balloon tyres, and a very complete equipment.

The coachwork, be it the Touring Saloon with roller side curtains, or the four-door Coach-built Saloon, is handsome in appearance and extremely comfortable. See the car. Ride in it. Drive it. Prove the remarkable road performance.

See the Studebaker First! It is the most talked-of car of to-day.

Illustrated Catalogue on request.

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Pound Lane, Willesden, London, N.W.10
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"STANDARD-SIX" Touring Saloon -	£395
Coach-built Saloon	£520
"SPECIAL-SIX" Touring Saloon - -	£495
Coach-built Saloon	£640
"BIG-SIX" Touring Saloon - - -	£575
Coach-built Saloon	£765

Prices are subject to increase without notice.

The New

STUDEBAKER

WITH HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

ISOVAC stands any amount of ill-treatment. Pour in boiling hot liquid, ISOVAC will not crack or leak. Drop it on the ground, you cannot break it or destroy the vacuum.

Steelson Glass stands ALL these tests

THE Steelson process does for ordinary glass what Bessemer did for steel—toughens it to resist the disruptive forces of heat and shock. Brought into sudden contact with a boiling liquid, Steelson Glass will not crack, neither will ordinary falls break it. It has also a specially hard crystal-smooth surface, very easy to rinse clean. For these and other reasons Steelson Glass is the ideal material for an improved Vacuum Flask, and the whole of the available supply is being used in this way. The name of the Flask is the "ISOVAC." It is being sold through the usual shops and large stores. One of these ISOVAC Flasks will outlast many of the ordinary variety, and give much better vacuum service. With the ordinary flask a slight jar, a little fall, is sufficient to put them out of action. When you pour hot liquids into an ordinary flask you must do it carefully, a little at a time. Even with the greatest care you may hear the ominous splitting sound which tells you another glass has gone. But Steelson Glass enables ISOVACS to take their place and serve you in the workaday world, without complaining. As no ISOVAC is produced without this specially toughened glass, the output of ISOVACS is necessarily limited, and Hospitals and the public services have the first call. You should not, however, experience any difficulty in obtaining an ISOVAC for your own personal use.

ISOVAC Flask. Pint size, No. 1013. Finished green and nickel-plated 10½ inches high and 3½ inches diameter—just right for individual use.

Price 8/6

2 pint size. No. 1033. Finished green and nickel-plated. 14 inches high and 3½ inches diameter.

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ISOVAC

STEEL GLASS FLASKS

Insist on seeing the name ISOVAC on the next flask you buy.

Obtainable in a number of sizes and in various models from Army and Navy Stores, Barkers, Boots Cash Chemists, Gamages, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, and leading Stores, Ironmongers, and Chemists throughout the country.

Trade inquiries or name of nearest dealer from L. Rees & Co., 12 New Union Street, London, E.C.

ISOVAC Flask. No. 810. Reputed pint size. Green and aluminium finish. Popular model. 9¾ inches high and 3 inches diameter.

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2 pint size. No. 1030. Green and aluminium finish. 14 inches high and 3½ inches diameter.

Price 9/6

2 pint size. No. 1030A, Better finish.

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Special ISOVAC refill to fit any ordinary vacuum flask. Reputed pint size.

Price 3/-